

A SPECIAL REPORT ON
**The Canadian
family's future**

RALPH ALLEN ASKS
**Have we lost our north
to the U.S?**

MACLEAN'S

MAY 26 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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55-8

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 26, 1956

M-K, Photo



The architects consulted zoologists and naturalists on habits of the Canadian otter before starting work.

ARCHITECT IS AN OTTER'S BEST FRIEND

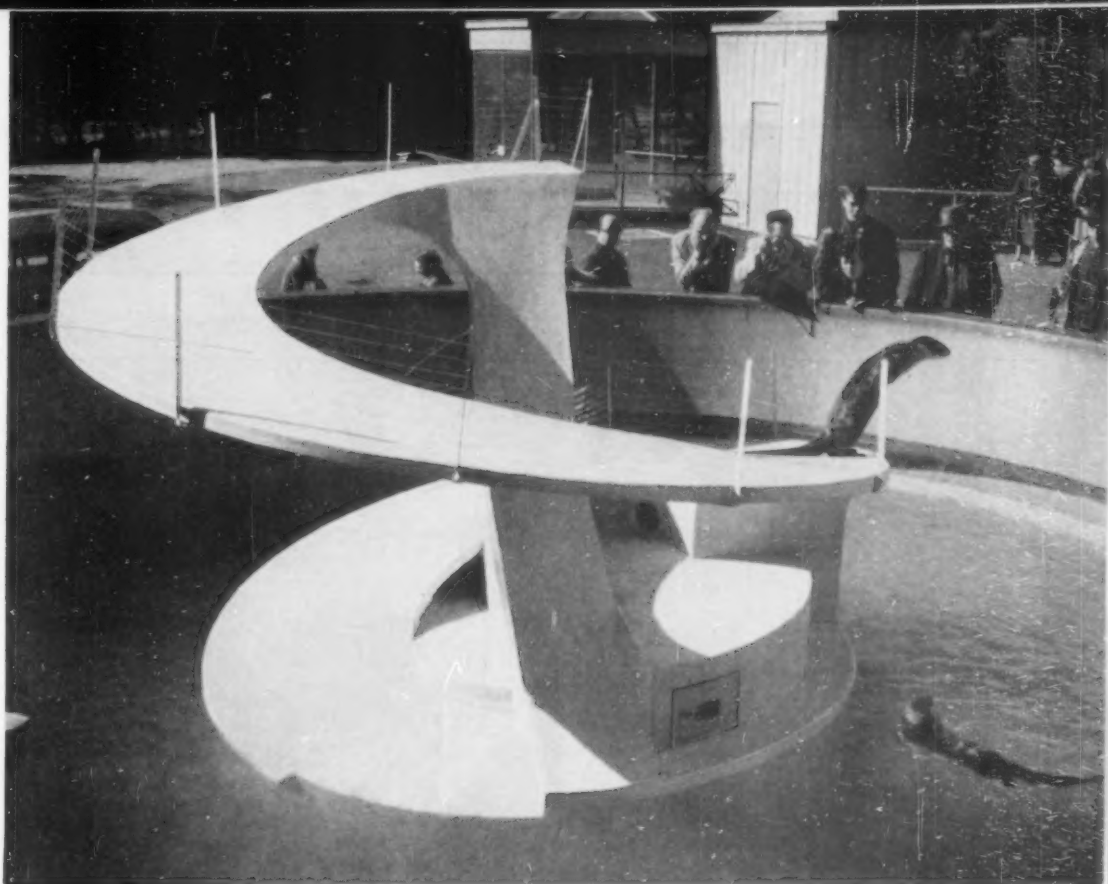
Sympathy, ingenuity and fir plywood make new otters' home a fun house

Vancouver's famed Stanley Park Zoo wanted a show-place home for otters. Zoo officials called on West Coast Architects Underwood, McKinley, Cameron, who called on the otters.

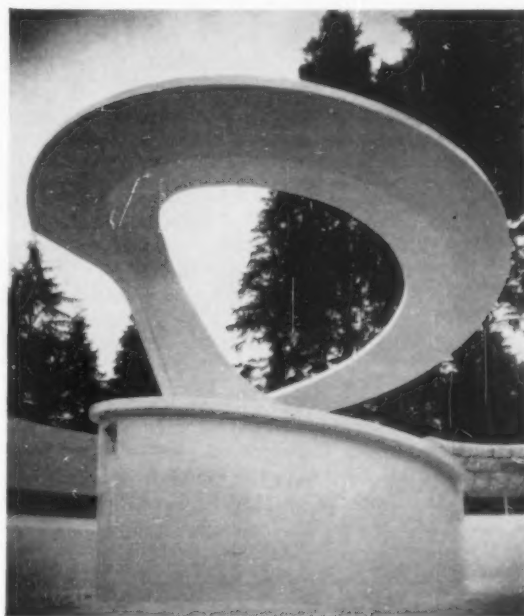
After some guarded observation (otters bite), the architects concluded that the problem was to design a stage for these natural-born water clowns. The captivating spiral shape in the pool shown at the right was the result.

This imaginative structure had to be cast in concrete. How could it be shaped accurately? Forms of Douglas fir plywood provided the answer. Using this adaptable material, the forms were constructed easily and with complete exactness. Concrete was poured, allowed to set, and, when the forms were stripped away, Stanley Park had a new attraction. Two of Vancouver's happiest otters soon became the city's top comedians.

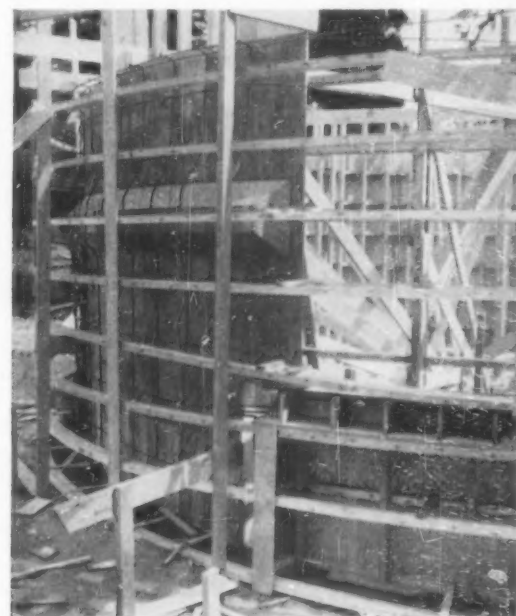
Authoritative technical information is available on concrete forms and many other applications of this versatile building material. Write Plywood Manufacturers Association of B.C., 550 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B.C.



Frolicsome otters trundle up the spiral ramp, to swoosh down a smooth centre slide into the pool. Water flows continually on the slide to keep it slippery and fast. Fir plywood forms produced a surface so smooth very little touching up was required. Otters live inside the base. They enter through a round hole visible at right of the slide.



Intricate "sculpture in concrete" has become a conversation piece in architectural and engineering circles. The otter ramp is dramatic proof of eminent suitability of tough, flexible fir plywood for use in forming intricate concrete curves.



Construction view of otter pool base shows 4' x 8' panels of fir plywood used as forms for sides. For the Vee'd splash protection at the waterline, 1/4" fir plywood was sprung into position around the form.

Formwork of giant draft tubes in Waneta Dam on B.C.'s Pend d'Oreille River is another good example of fir plywood versatility. Tons of concrete were poured around the tough plywood skin to form one of four tubes in the dam.

Foundations of this new home are formed in Douglas fir plywood. Unbroken surfaces of the plywood panels provided a smooth finish, free of fins and ridges. Made with waterproof glue, these forms can be used many times.



EDITORIAL

Barring Robeson helps the Reds

If the Soviet Union were looking for political allies in the Canadian government, it wouldn't even go near that unabashed capitalist, John W. Pickersgill, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration. Yet Pickersgill recently created, or condoned, one of the best pieces of Soviet propaganda that has come out of this country since the heady days of the Second Front, Stalingrad, and Let's-Not-Be-Beastly-To-Tim-Buck.

By forbidding Paul Robeson's recently proposed concert tour Pickersgill did more than a regiment of Bucks to relieve the worst embarrassment Canadian Communists had suffered in years. He gave them what they needed most: a grievance, a talking point.

Nothing since the Berlin-Moscow pact of August 1939 has been so withering to world communism as the recent de-deification of their ex-superman, Joseph Stalin. War-mongering capitalist imperialists like ourselves had been saying for years that Stalin was a dull-witted scoundrel. Now, incredibly, the infallible pontiffs of communism were proclaiming *ex cathedra* that we were right all the time. Stalin had indeed been stupid and a scoundrel, in fact, a monster, and his onetime lieutenants or accomplices confirmed the new dogma with a whole catalogue of horror and crime.

Everywhere in the non-Russian world the Communist problem was the same—what to say? Where could they find herrings red enough to divert attention from the banquet of crow which their leaders in Moscow had set before them and bade them eat?

It was a moment when the Communists needed help, and here in North America they got it.

Pickersgill's timely aid was not, perhaps, equal to the inspired gesture of the United States treasury official who chose this moment to close up the Communist newspaper, the Daily Worker. To be able to cry "Muzzle" when in fact they were only being asked to pay their taxes must have been a delightful relief to Communist writers who had been chewing their nails trying to think of something to put in their miserably humiliated newspaper.

But although he failed to match this masterpiece of ill-timing, Pickersgill did not do badly. He managed to make this free country look timid and neurotic.

Robeson is a fine singer whom thousands of Canadians like to hear. He is also a known Communist. Apparently the theory behind his exclusion, and the cancellation of a tour arranged for this spring, is that Canadians can't listen to a Communist sing without being polluted by Communist doctrine. It is argued that Robeson doesn't stick to singing; that he takes time out to harangue his audiences on the virtues of the party line. Does this mean our government thinks the people it governs can't be trusted to listen, uncorrupted, to a few slanted program notes?

That is the kind of reasoning on which the Soviet Union itself operated all through the lifetime of that stupid tyrant Joseph Stalin. It was the great and just pride of the free world that we needed no such panicky isolation—as free men we could listen to anybody, and make up our own minds thereafter.

We should not let our officials bring us down to the Communist level.

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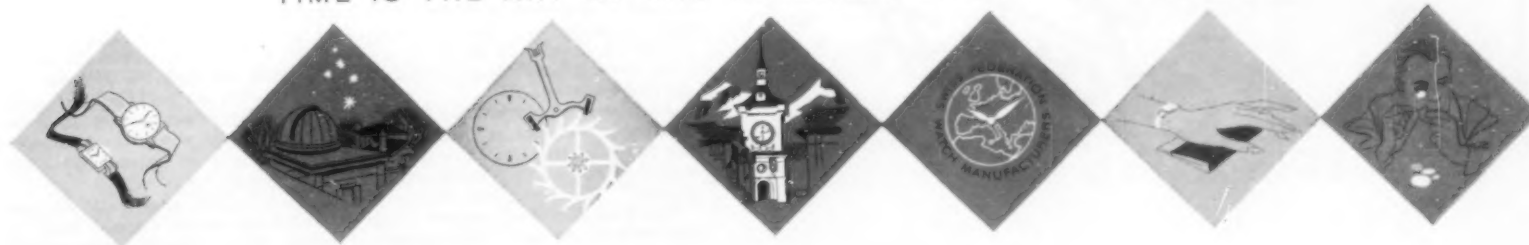
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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

FRANK TUMPANE SAYS

Stop pampering our smart-aleck teen-agers



A newspaper writer of strong, often biting opinions, Frank Tumpane is a columnist of the Toronto Telegram.

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, I was invited to talk informally to a journalism class in a Toronto school. The reason for the invitation, I presumed, was that I have been a newspaperman for twenty-three years and would have something to tell the young ladies and gentlemen about journalism.

It took no more than four minutes from the time I walked through the door to realize that this had been a rash presumption. The kids weren't interested in learning what I knew. They were interested in showing off what *they* knew.

Now there are some opinions that interest me. But the opinions of eighteen- and nineteen-year-old journalism students on what is wrong with newspapers and newspapermen are not included among these—not on a busy afternoon. If I want to discuss journalism and what's wrong with it, I prefer to do this among my peers. And I have no trouble finding candidates for the discussion, either.

And so the meeting took on a tone that could only be described as testy, for although I may be afraid of all sorts of people, smart-aleck teen-agers are not among them.

These young whippersnappers were not interested in learning about my work as a columnist on a newspaper. They didn't attempt to find out from me some of the professional problems a columnist encounters. They weren't eager to know how a columnist gathers his material, how he puts it together or the style he tries to achieve. They weren't interested in any of those things. They *were* interested in attacking my point of view.

And you may say: "Oh, that's just the exuberance of youth," and my reply to that is: "I'm getting terribly tired of the exuberance of youth." And you may also say: "You were like that yourself when you were a teen-ager," and my reply

to that is—let's be direct about it: "Applesauce!"

The reason I am able to be so forthright about that one particular thing is that I was in newspaper work myself when I was still a teen-ager. And I stood in considerable awe of my elders in the business. It's a good thing for me that I did. I learned a lot from them that way. When I was supposed to be listening, I was listening and when I hazarded an opinion it was as the result of being asked.

The difference between now and then, as near as I can tell, is that then a youngster who tried to force his adolescent opinions on his elders was considered a smart-aleck and squelched. And now he's considered a bit of a genius and the most commonly heard phrase in connection with him is, "There's a boy who'll go a long way." If I had my way, he'd go the long way home.

In the past ten years we have developed in this country (the United States led the way) a new breed of citizen. He is the Professional Teen-Ager. The teen-age years are no longer considered the training period for manhood and maturity. They have a special status of their own. Today's teen-agers are cuddled, coddled and courted and their juvenile notions on love, life and the cosmos are eagerly sought and retailed by some of their raisin-brain elders.

What has caused this?

It seems to me it has been caused by four principal agencies: Modern Education, The Press, Radio and Television, and Modern Business.

The Press inflames his ego

Among other things, Modern Education implanted in the teen-ager the notion that he was able to discipline himself, which would be perfectly laudable except that he isn't. And he is demonstrating all over the North American continent that he isn't.

The Press, Radio and Television and the department stores caught on to the fact that the teen-ager, because of his increasing dominance, had assumed a new and important Market Value. The Press has pandered to the professional teen-ager by running columns of puerile news and gossip to interest him and to inflame his already enlarged ego.

But that is by no means the worst the Press has done. The Press has tripped over its necktie in its collective effort to interview teen-agers on subjects on which the teen-ager has no right to express opinions whatever.

"How much homework do you think you should have?" he'll be asked. Who *Continued on page 65*

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What a young family man should know about life insurance agents...



On the day a man first starts pricing engagement rings, life insurance usually becomes an entirely new, vastly important, but somewhat confusing subject to him. And since he's almost certain to want to talk to a life insurance agent sooner or later, it's a good idea for him to know something beforehand about agents and the product they sell.

For example, he should know that selling is only part of an agent's job. Mainly, he's a thoroughly trained advisor—an expert on some of the problems that most profoundly affect our lives. The product he offers, purely and simply, is financial protection. His mission is to help families achieve security—both now and for the long haul.

Unlike other jobs, the most important part of an agent's work comes *after* he has made the sale and helped a young family plan their program of protection. Then it becomes the agent's year-in, year-out duty to service and develop the program, to anticipate changing needs, to expedite payment of benefits.

Any New York Life agent will tell you that's the most rewarding part of his work, too. It's seeing a home saved for a young widow and her children . . . watching a teenager start off for college . . . seeing a man, possibly *you* someday, happily retired with an income for life.

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M A C L



London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Why does the British press ban MRA?

TWO CANADIAN MPs, one a Tory and one a Liberal, paid a friendly visit to my house recently. They had come from the Swiss headquarters of Dr. Buchman's Moral Re-Armament movement and they were full of praise for the missionary work being done by that organization.

They described the good work the Buchmanites had been achieving in West Germany and also told me of the excellent results of

the machinists and the delivery men will dictate the policy of a newspaper but that day has not arrived. Not yet.

Some of my Moral Re-Armament friends say that the boycott of the movement's chief publicist, Peter Howard, is because he left Fleet Street to crusade for a better world. As a matter of fact Howard on the Sunday Express was as merciless as well as a brilliant commentator on the foibles of British politicians. Members of Parliament normally love publicity but I can assure you that during Howard's regime as a columnist we MPs turned to his page with one hope—that we would not have been mentioned. But if Saul of Tarsus saw the light why should not Howard enjoy a similar conversion?

A year or so ago the MRA took a London theatre and presented a season of plays to which the audience was charged no admission. One of the plays had as its setting a London newspaper office in which the prime minister or foreign secretary did some pretty shady work about suppressing a piece of news. The politician bore a remarkable likeness to Sir Anthony Eden.

I did not see the play but read it by the courtesy of an MRA friend. The lesson of it was that a prime minister or a foreign secretary should be activated by nothing except goodness, honesty and simplicity. As for editors, they should have one only policy—to publish the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

But as Pilate remarked: "What is truth?" The cynic will answer that truth is seldom pure and never simple. Certainly not in politics.

Here then is the source of part of the antagonism to the Buchman

Continued on page 54

the movement's activities in Africa. There was no reason to doubt their enthusiasm nor their sincerity.

Eventually they reached the question always asked. Why is there a boycott of MRA in the British press? The newspapers which gave endless columns to reporting the evangelical activities of Billy Graham will not give an inch to Dr. Buchman and his followers. I could only answer their question with, "Don't know."

But my visitors had a theory. The boycott of Moral Re-Armament was imposed by the Communist workers employed by the British press. Surely that was obvious to me?

Theory is one thing but practice is another. The spectacle of a Communist deputation of Sunday Times machine men telling Lord Kemsley that they would call a strike if Dr. Buchman were mentioned in that newspaper seems to border on the improbable. Nor is it easy to visualize a committee of Red printers telling Lord Beaverbrook that if Buchman is in the Daily Express then they, the printers, are out.

As for a deputation of Communist circulation men delivering a similar ultimatum to the editor of the Daily Telegraph it just passes the borders of absurdity. The day may come when



Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers plumped for Billy Graham, but British press spurns Buchman.

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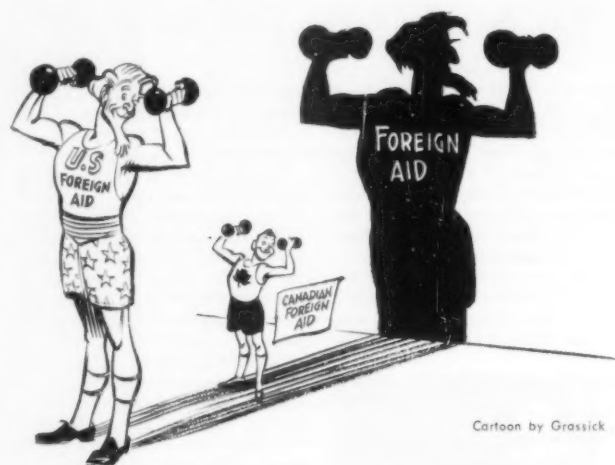


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We're not doing our share of foreign aid

CANADIANS OFTEN TALK as if Canada and the United States were equal partners, in proportion to national income, in the task of helping less fortunate lands. Recently parliament's committee on external affairs got the figures on all Canadian foreign aid since World War II. They show that this notion, so comforting to Canadian self-esteem, somewhat overstates the truth.

The U. S. gross national product is four hundred billion dollars a year. Canada's is twenty-six billion, six and a half percent of the American. To put us on equal terms Canada's foreign-aid program should also be six and a half percent of the U. S.

In fact, if "foreign aid" means outright grants without any repayment stipulated, Canada's program is only about two thirds the amount required for fair sharing.

From 1945 to the end of the current fiscal year, Canadian grants to other countries total almost two billion. If Congress approves most of the Eisenhower program for the coming year, U. S. foreign aid in the same period will be about forty-seven billion. Canada's share is thus four, not six and a half, percent of the American.

Both totals include military and economic aid. Washington is often accused of basing its foreign policy on armed strength, so you might think the U. S. program would be mostly military and that Canada would do better in a comparison of economic aid alone.

In fact the opposite is true. Three quarters of Canada's grant-in-aid program has been military, mostly secondhand and semi-obsolete weapons and equipment turned over to NATO allies when our own army was re-equipped. Military aid has been only sixty percent of the U. S. program, and included many items of economic use.

Purely economic aid from the U. S. to all countries has been nearly twenty billion since 1945. From Canada it has been under five hundred million—two and a half percent of the U. S. total, or little more than a third of what it would have to be to make us equal partners.

Canada's figures were made to look better than this, in the table submitted to the external-affairs committee, by inclusion of loans as well as outright grants in the total of "Canada's postwar financial assistance abroad."

It's true that reconstruction loans were a form of aid, some of it desperately needed at the time. It's also true that some were made when Canada could ill spare the money—the billion-dollar loan to Britain was a major cause of Canada's own dollar crisis in 1947.

It's debatable, though, whether such loans should be lumped in with free gifts under the general heading of foreign aid. They are all nominally repayable, with interest, and some have been repaid already. Indonesia, for example, an impoverished nation which is seeking help under the Colombo Plan, proudly became the first

Continued on page 82

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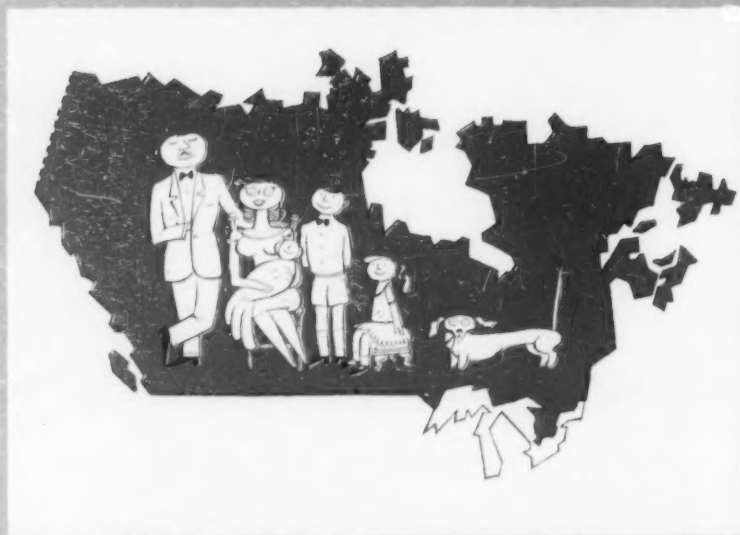
Will it grow stronger?

Or will it disappear?

A Maclean's Report By Eric Hutton

STORY & PICTURES ON NEXT FOUR PAGES ►

How Canada's expanding families fooled the population experts



In 1941 they forecast "13.9 million people by 1971." . . . but today they say "22.7 million people by 1971."

The future of the family

A MACLEAN'S REPORT

By Eric Hutton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DESMOND ENGLISH

CURRENTLY there is some embarrassment in the ranks of a group of experts known as demographers—those statistical specialists whose concern is the size of the family and the influences that shrink or expand it. Periodically they draw up predictions for ten or twenty years ahead for the benefit of governments, insurance companies, school boards, baby-food canners and indeed everyone who will sell to or serve tomorrow's population. The cause of the experts' embarrassment: Canadian couples, ignoring all precedent and probability, have been producing babies at the highest rate of any developed country on earth, ahead of the United States and New Zealand, and even a fraction above India, a country that's supposed to have a serious high-birthrate problem. What's more, Canada's unpredicted baby boom is creating families of a size the experts were sure had gone forever with the Victorian era.

"They've knocked us for a loop," one expert admitted.

The extent to which parents fooled the demographers can be shown in simple figures: Between 1939 and 1949 five estimates of Canada's 1971 population were made. The most pessimistic foresaw a stagnant nation of 13,900,000 by 1971. Even the highest forecast was only seventeen million—a figure we've just about reached already, fifteen years ahead of schedule.

Recently, though, the experts took another

look at the ever-mounting birth registrations and conjured a new 1971 forecast, this time for 22,700,000. And, cautiously, they added that even that figure might soon have to be revised upward. As if to make the experts look good this time, Canadian couples have maintained a birthrate so high that nearly three children are being born for every two produced by the same number of families twenty years ago. And the last returns in, for the first two months of 1956, showed a whopping thirteen-percent increase on the average over the same two months of the previous three years.

The comeback of the Canadian family, after a long decline in size, is more than an interesting item of news. To an array of social scientists, including sociologists, anthropologists and psychologists, it is a development that demands wide and penetrating study. For they recognize the family—the one next door, the one around the corner and the one in the shack across the tracks—as the basic social unit of the human race; the foundation on which man has built all his various groupings from primitive cave-dwelling bands to organized clans and tribes to nations and great empires. And it has been this foundation, the family, which remained intact when empires and nations crumpled and tribes were scattered.

True, the family itself has had times of trouble and has even been in danger of extinc-



Prestige: When famous women, such as the Queen, start families, others follow. Grace Kelly's Monaco marriage is expected to show up in our birthrates.



Health: Better infant care ensures that many children who would have died a few years ago can now live. It has meant 25,000 more people in Canada each year.



Prosperity: With more money, couples can afford more children. This mother spends \$33 weekly on food for five.

...And here are six of the main reasons why the Canadian family today is bigger

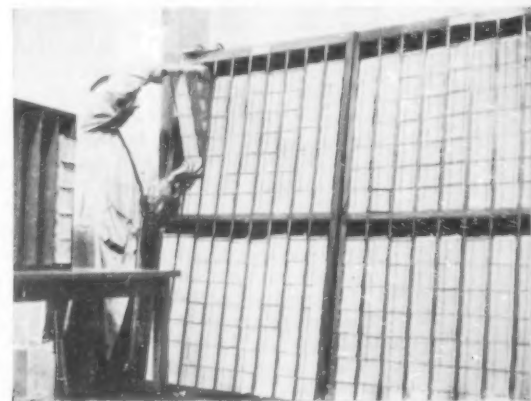
Assurance: Once embarrassed to appear in public when pregnant, women now find pregnancy fashionable and even look glamorous in maternity gowns.



Comfort: It's easier to raise a family with better and more abundant housekeeping aids. In their airy home in Oakville, Ont., Bill and Pat Dowding find three no trouble.



Bonus: Family allowances help. More than two million get up to eight dollars a month for our 5,350,000 children.



tion, as at the breakup of the Athenian states twenty-two centuries ago, at the fall of Rome, during the French Revolution and after the Russian Revolution. But the family has always resurged to eras in which it achieved great prestige and power—the most recent and one of the best examples of all time being the Victorian Age.

But what makes the family's fortune an ever-fascinating study is the fact that as an institution it is not an indestructible instinct of man's, like the instinct to satisfy hunger and thirst, the instincts of sex and self-preservation. The family is an invention and creation of man and subject to all the hurts and weaknesses that afflict human nature. The family needs to be studied because it is a sensitive organism that requires attention. One of the strange bits of information known about the family is that it is capable of vanishing without being attacked. In modern times the Tasmanian people decided they no longer wanted to exist because they disliked the changed life brought by white men, though some authorities say the white man simply killed them off. Whatever the reason, the Tasmanians firmly but quietly became extinct.

The known sensitivity of the family to the trend of conditions around it (although not often to the extent of the Tasmanians) is one good reason why, with the family showing a change of direction in the important matter of

size, the experts are now taking a long hard look at other aspects of the family as a going concern. They have been asking, for example, just what fundamental changes have been taking place in the family in the last fifty years and are still taking place. Is the family growing stronger or weaker? Have there been changes in the internal structure of the family unit? What has been the impact on this earliest basic human grouping of people of the trappings of today's way of life: television, automobile transport, suburban living—and, above all, existence in this most dangerous of ages, the atomic?

Before going into what shape the family is in, though, let's look at the reasons for its changing size. Why is the Canadian family suddenly getting larger? How much larger is it going to get? And when did it start getting bigger?

The answer to the last question indicates how revolutionary is any upward trend. Back in 1881, when Canada took the second census as a nation, the size of the family has been dropping steadily. In that year the average one-family Canadian household contained 5.3 persons. At the most recent census, in 1951, the figure was down to four.

But the 1951 figure was deceptive, since it reflected a large number of postwar marriages that had not yet produced children when the census was taken—and for census purposes a "family" comprises a couple with or without

children. In terms of families that actually included children, the downward trend of seventy years had actually turned upward after 1948. Probably the most sensitive gauge of the number of children in a family is the universally distributed family-allowance payment, which applies to all Canadian families from birth to sixteenth birthday. The records show that in 1948 every hundred Canadian families with children had 224 children. Thereafter the climb is continuous year by year to 237 children per hundred families in 1955.

The probable number of children in the average family in ten or twenty years has not been estimated, but the Dominion Bureau of Statistics has determined the "target area": in Canada today families of up to six children are increasing.

What are the reasons for the family's increasing size? Here is a summary of the highly diverse factors assigned by sociologists:

The quest for security:

Oddly enough, the subconscious stress of living with the atom bomb is considered by some sociologists actually to be a stimulus toward the large family. "People say, 'This is a heck of a world into which to bring children,'" says Professor Charles Hendry, of the University of Toronto's School of Social Work. "But then they proceed to bring those children into the world. Why? Partly, I believe, because of a

The future of the family continued

need to create their own small area of stability in a world grown frighteningly unstable." A colleague, Dennis Wrong, a political science lecturer, sees one of the large-family factors as "the desire to build, in the form of a family, the one secure pivot in an insecure world."

General prosperity:

Most sociologists agree on this factor in bringing about a higher birthrate. With an unusually high level of income, the average Canadian family need no longer go into debt or reduce its standard of living to bear the cost of a new arrival. More specifically, the so-called "baby bonus" has been cited as a factor in making the birthrate buoyant. In fact Professor Hendry calls the family allowance "one of the most important social inventions in our history—a girder under the family structure." He believes that in many instances this assured extra income might well weigh a couple's decision in favor of having another child.

The family's sensitivity to economic conditions is indicated by a curious fact unearthed by sociologists. They maintain they can detect dips in the birthrate that coincide with the time when Ford cars became available at a price many families could afford (provided they postponed having a baby), and another dip when electric refrigerators became widely available. "As a logical sequence in what might be called the influence of capital goods on the birthrate," comments Dennis Wrong, lecturer at the University of Toronto, "one would have thought that television would have had a visible effect on the birthrate chart during the last few years. It hasn't—because times have been so good that people have been able to afford both babies and TV."

Dean Charles Feilding of Trinity College, Toronto, is even willing to defend the proposition that TV, by making it possible for women to be entertained and to care for babies at the same time, has helped the birthrate, since the urge to go out to shows would tend to conflict with the time required for attending to babies.

Babies have become fashionable:

Pretty clothes designed especially for pregnant women, which not only lift a woman's morale but help keep a husband attentive, can be a factor in popularizing child-bearing. So can advances in medicine which make pregnancy more comfortable and bring shorter and easier confinements. Dr. Reva Gerstein, a well-known Canadian psychologist, believes that even one person can have a profound effect on a

nation's birthrate. Queen Victoria's brood of nine was undoubtedly the inspiration for the "Victorian family," and when the young Princess Elizabeth bore two children in rather quick succession, the result was a tremendous boost in prestige for the family—even though the royal family has not continued to grow. And even a glamorous young woman in the public eye might set a fashion in having babies. For example Grace Kelly, Princess of Monaco, has announced her intention of having a large family.

In the matter of such influence affecting the family size it may be coincidence only that Canada's families fell to their lowest size during the government of two bachelors, R. B. Bennett and W. L. M. King—and rallied when leadership passed to Louis St. Laurent, father of five.

People are getting married earlier:

When the experts admitted that even their revised forecast of 22,700,000 Canadians by 1971 might be too conservative, they had in mind one of the new factors in the higher birthrate: younger mothers. A spokesman for the population experts said: "If the trend to earlier marriage combines with the flood of children who will be approaching marriageable age in a few years the impact could be enormous." Earlier marriages have increased and are increasing, and it's obvious that a mother who has her first child in her teens is more likely to have four or five children than one who starts at a later age. In 1929 every thousand teen-aged women had thirty children a year. By 1954 the rate had climbed to 55 per thousand. But the Canadian birthrate in that age group is only half the U. S. rate. In the next higher age group of mothers, 20 to 24, the increase is equally spectacular and has a much greater effect on the total number of children born. In twenty years the birthrate among women aged 20 to 24 has gone up from 112 to 219 per thousand.

Improved child health:

One of the happy assists to the larger family is better health. Nor does that refer to a comparison with the bad old days of primitive sanitation and medicine. Within the lifetime of Canadians still too young to vote, infant mortality has been cut in half. This means that twenty-five thousand children are remaining alive each year who would have died under conditions that prevailed only twenty years ago. More babies are born alive too. The present all-time low of fewer than seventeen stillbirths per thousand live births is less than half the rate of the 1920s.

The pitfalls, the props that face today's families

FACTORS THAT HINDER family stability have increased with Canada's growth. Motor cars opened up the country—and stretched our family ties. Poor housing, increasing alcoholism, the lonely, cut-off life many suburban children endure, and rises in the incidence of mental illness have all taken their toll among Canadian families.

FACTORS THAT HELP have grown with our civilization too, however, to keep a family together. One of the strongest is the influence of the churches. Television (by keeping families at home), a growing realization that children are fun to have, increasing leisure for father which allows him to spend more time with his family, and even a desire to build a small platform of security in an insecure world, are all helping to build stable, happy families in Canada.

Fewer families are being cut short by the death of the mother in the process of bringing her family into the world. As recently as the years between 1921 and 1940, five Canadian mothers died for every thousand live births. This rate has been cut sevenfold, and the Canadian maternal death rate touched a new low of fewer than one death per thousand births last year. In Alberta the maternal death rate was so close to vanishing point that there was fewer than one death for every three thousand births.

A sidelight on this, and on one of the most complete changes in a Canadian custom, is the figure on home births compared with hospital births. A generation ago almost all Canadian babies were born at home; today almost all are born in hospital. A dramatic instance is Prince Edward Island, where in the Twenties more than 97 of every hundred babies were home-born; today more than 93 of every hundred new Islanders are born in a hospital.

All this indicates why Canadian families are becoming larger. But *Continued on page 74*

**Canada's birthrate at last count was
the highest of the so-called
"developed" nations — i.e., those with
a high rate of literacy and
industrialization. Here are the
figures in births per thousand population:**

Canada: 28.7	France: 18.7
South Africa (whites): 25.5	Norway: 18.6
United States: 24.9	Scotland: 18.0
New Zealand: 24.7	Italy: 17.6
Portugal: 22.6	Denmark: 17.4
Australia: 22.5	Switzerland: 17.0
Netherlands: 21.6	Belgium: 16.8
Finland: 21.3	West Germany: 15.7
Ireland: 21.1	England and Wales: 15.2
Japan: 20.1	Austria: 14.7
Spain: 20.0	Sweden: 14.6

These things separate the family



The automobile



Poor housing



Alcohol



Suburban living



Mental illness

These help hold it together



The Church



Television



The new leisure



World tension



Parent-child equality



U.S. FLAG flies beside the RCAF standard at Frobisher Bay, a Dewline supply base. Although the RCAF claims that it controls "policy" on the base, the USAF really runs it.



U.S. AIR FORCE, with its gigantic Globemasters, has contributed mightily to the vast job of building and supplying Dewline. Most of civilian labor force has been Canadian.

Will Dewline cost Canada its n

BY RALPH ALLEN



To save less than half a billion dollars we handed the expense and operation of this radar network—perhaps obsolete already—to the United States. The editor of Maclean's says we also handed over part of our national independence

EARLY THIS SPRING a quarter of a million square miles of the coldest, most desolate and least accessible country in the Northern Hemisphere suddenly became a popular tourist attraction. The forbidden land of the Distant Early Warning Line, a chain of United States Air Force radar stations across the roof of Canada and Alaska, was for the first time declared suitable for visits in depth by nonresidents.

The first prominent outsider to reach Dewline's bleak and hidden crags was the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, governor-general of Canada. Close behind him came a United States Globemaster full of United States and Canadian reporters. Then, after the barest of intervals, the construction workers, short-order cooks, Eskimos, white foxes, ravens and polar bears who are Dewline's oldest settlers found themselves under the respectful scrutiny of Ralph Campney, Canadian Minister of National Defense, Charles Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Defense, and three other cabinet ministers from the two countries.

Precisely what all the visitors to Dewline saw, and what meanings they took from it, is certain to be a subject of controversy for many years. To read the recorded as-



...northland?

assessments—including those I have put down in my own notebooks as a member of the official press tour—is to recreate the story of the blind men and the elephant.

Stanley Burke of the Vancouver Sun found it "big and inspiring, but frightening." Hanson W. Baldwin of the New York Times described it as "a modern wonder of the world." James Senter of the Toronto Globe and Mail wondered whether it might be "man's greatest folly," but ended up by deciding otherwise. Robert L. Moora of the New York Herald Tribune discerned in it "a picture that should give comfort to North America's 175,000,000 people."

My own appraisal is this: Dewline is one of the greatest feats of engineering and logistics in all of history, a monument to the ingenuity and hardihood of the North American human being. Unhappily, it may prove to be far more and far less than that. It is the charter under which a tenth of Canada may very well become the world's most northerly banana republic. For a sum of money that has been officially estimated at four hundred million dollars we have at least temporarily traded off our whole northern frontier. In law we still own this northern frontier. In fact we do not. *Continued on page 68*

DEW
Cost \$400 million.
U. S. pays all.

MID-CANADA
Cost \$170 million.
Canada pays all.

PINETREE
Cost \$450 million.
U. S. pays two thirds.



WHERE RADAR LINES ARE AND WHO PAYS FOR THEM

.....THE.....MAGIC....BRAIN.....OF.....S

It was the last word in automation... a machine
that could think.
But it had one terrible weakness

BY MICHAEL SHELDON Illustrated by Duncan Macpherson

Even as a boy Arnold Birkett was in love with machines. Long before the do-it-yourself craze he had a workshop in the family basement where he amassed a wonderful collection of home-mechanic tools. He wasn't particularly creative but he could be happy for hours on end just watching the dynamos buzz and the cogs mesh together. Many years later he became president of Bedrock Incorporated, and soon there wasn't a factory in Canada that enjoyed the same degree of automation as those of Bedrock. His administrative machinery too was unrivaled and Arnold Birkett thrilled to the movement of the interlocking committees as deeply as to his long smooth assembly lines.

The Bedrock Building on Phillips Square was surely his masterpiece. From outside it appeared just another of Montreal's pseudoclassical temples of commerce, but the interior was as functional as Birkett and the top experts on administrative flow could devise. There wasn't a single nonstandard desk or fixture on the whole eighteen floors, not a single filing cabinet outside the master filing plan. Reorganizers came from all over North America to study the intercom system (and the water-cooler layout).

On the top floor president Birkett had his own fine office. But the mahogany suite of his predecessor, the marble inkstand and carved velvet drapes had gone with all the other relics of the old era. A functional president's office was just a

functional vice-president's office scientifically magnified (and it of course was just a size larger than a functional assistant vice-president's).

Arnold Birkett matched his surroundings. He was a man of medium height, medium build. His face was perhaps on the thin side, his features rather sharp, and he wore the rimless glasses favored by the more reserved kind of college professor. He had about as much hair as a man of fifty can decently expect to have, and there was about as much of the original chestnut left in it. He always wore a blue suit with a white shirt and a blue tie, and black shoes.

He had just finished a statement for the next board meeting, working with a modern recording device that timed his presentation as it played back to him, when his secretary called through that Professor Sigismund Gantzoff had arrived for an appointment. He preferred her to call rather than waste time walking in and out of the office. To signal that he was ready for a visitor he had merely to open his door by remote electronic control.

"It is very good of you to receive me, Mr. Birkett."

"Come in, Professor Gantzoff. Take that chair there, will you. What can I do for you?"

The professor appeared to be in his early thirties. A scarecrow of a fellow, Birkett thought, with black hair falling over his long dark face, his gaudy tie awry, and his suit, an odd ochreous shade, much too short in the sleeves. *Continued on page 47*

Now Coburn knew the startling secret. He pointed to Gantzoff's amazing machine. "Gentlemen, I have a statement to make."



...SIGISMUND.....GANTZOFF...



"Science knows
very little about death.
Men die of disease,
accidents
and the ravages
of an unhealthy environment,
but do they ever die
of old age?
In fact,
does natural death
ever occur?"

"The brain could live
virtually intact
for a hundred years
or more
were it not for the
damage
inflicted upon it."

Can you live t

"If we can find the cause + cure
of arteriosclerosis it is likely that a man
could live for two hundred years."

"Why are some people worn and withered
at fifty while others are strong at eighty?"

"If the
will a

"Of all the known facts
about longevity
perhaps the most
intriguing
is that women
are more durable
than men"

e to be 100?

BY SIDNEY KATZ

"If the trend continues it is entirely possible that by 2051 AD. the country
will abound with centenarians full of vim and vigor"

OLD AGE, "THE ANTECHAMBER OF DEATH," has always been feared and disliked. Two thousand years ago, the Greek philosopher Sophocles wrote, "No man loves life like him that's growing old." Sixty years ago, the French philosopher Charles Renouvier was determined to age gracefully. He lost his calm with the advancing years. "The philosopher in me does not protest or fear death," he explained to friends. "It is the old man in me." In our own times, old age is regarded as anathema. Millions of people over forty are attempting to stave off its visible symptoms by the use of clothes, cosmetics, diet and exercise.

But the scientist today is equally interested in the problem of prolonging youth, through a new branch of medical science called gerontology. The gerontologist is trying to find out exactly what happens to a man's mind and body that makes him old and how ageing can be slowed down or prevented. If their research is successful, scientists may very well be able to prescribe how to live to be a hundred or a hundred and fifty years old.

The gerontologist is pursuing this goal with deadly seriousness. A bibliography of the new science published in 1951 lists eight thousand articles, pamphlets and books; since then more thousands have been added.

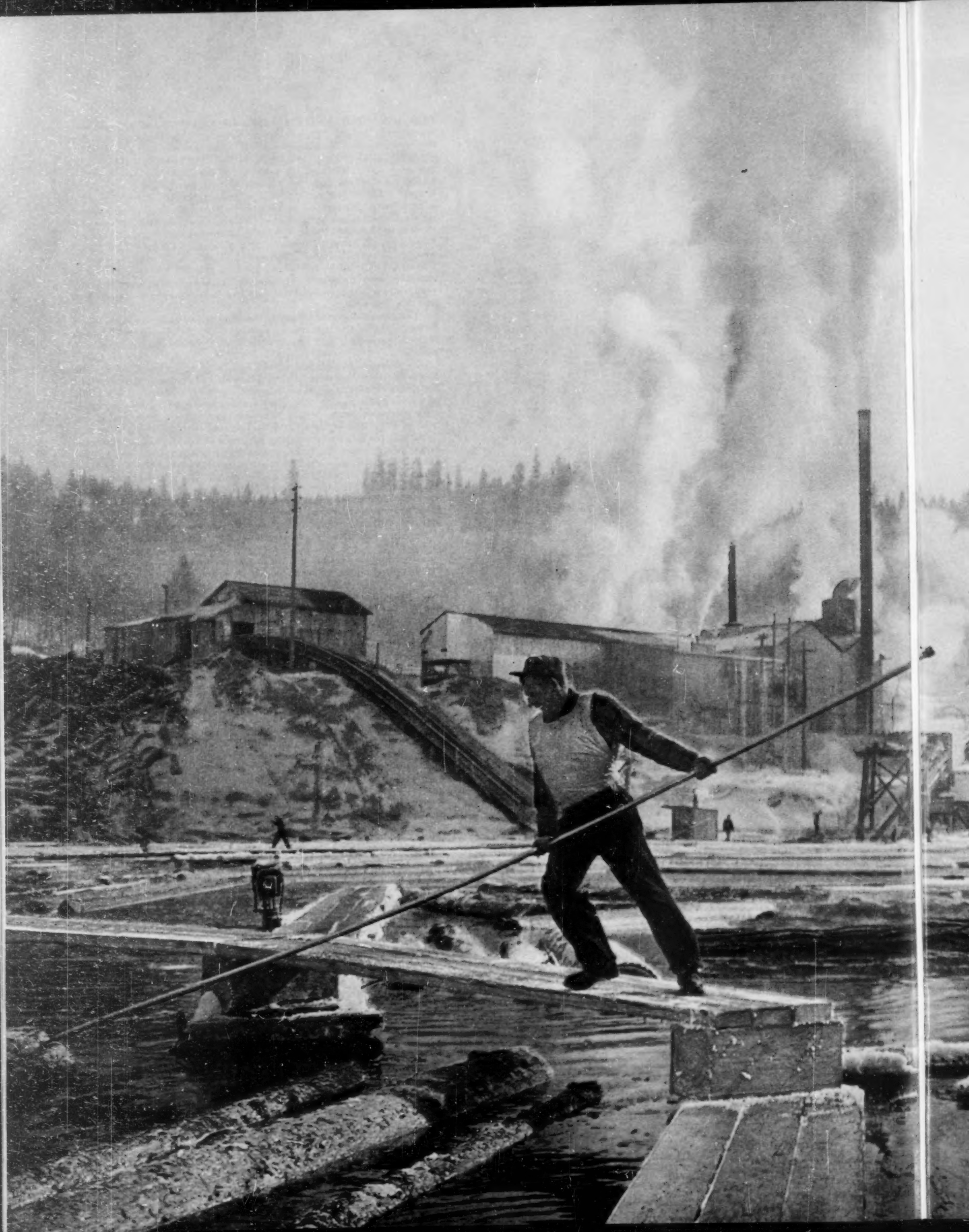
In Canada, the attack on old age is being spearheaded by the Department of Veterans Affairs. In twelve DVA hospitals and eight Canadian universities, scientists are carefully studying thousands of people as they grow old. They are comparing groups of old people with groups of young people. They are particularly interested in the man of fifty who is "old" and the man of seventy-five who is still "young." No detail of the ageing process is being overlooked: the cells, lungs, heart, arteries, glands, senses and intelligence of older people are being scrutinized. Particular attention is being paid to "hardening of the arteries," or arteriosclerosis, the commonest ailment of the aged. "If we can find the cause and cure of arteriosclerosis, it is likely that a man could live for two hundred years," says Dr. G. A. Winfield, DVA's director of medical research. The older person's personality and attitudes toward life are being noted. DVA researchers already believe it may be true that "those who love life the most, keep young the longest."

According to the Biblical psalm, man should only expect to live "three score and ten" years. Modern gerontologists disagree with this estimate. "The psalmist made the most irresponsible utterance of history," says Dr. Martin Gumpert, of New York. Many scientists, like Winfield, of the DVA, foresee the time when the average man can expect to live twice that long.

In ancient Rome the life expectancy was 23 years. In the Middle Ages in England, it was 33. In Canada, around 1850, the average life span for a man was 39, for a woman, 41; by 1900, it had risen to 48 and 51; today it is 66 for men and 71 for women. In the next twenty-five years according to a Dominion Bureau of Statistics' estimate, it may rise another ten years—but less for men than for women. If the trend continues it is entirely possible that by the year 2051 the country will abound with centenarians, full of vim and vigor. We seem to be well on the way to that state of affairs now. According to official statistics there are more than one hundred and fifty thousand Canadians eighty years old or more. Many of them are centenarians, like Mr. and Mrs. George Hemstreet, of Milton, Ont. He is 103, she's 101.

The Hemstreets are mere youngsters compared to some whose longevity has been recorded in medical literature. Thomas Parr, a farmer living in Shropshire, England, died in November 1635, at the age of 152 years and nine months. He had lived simply on a diet of cheese, milk and hard bread. When he was 105 his wife discovered that he was unfaithful to her. He remarried when he was 120, and his last wife testified that not until twelve years before his death "did he cease to embrace me." He might have lived many more years had he not been discovered and brought to London to be presented to King Charles I. He remained in the city where he began drinking wine, eating rich foods and breathing the "foul air" of London. Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of circulation of the blood, performed a post-mortem on Parr. He found his body in remarkably good

Continued on page 57



Bruce Hutchison rediscovers
THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

XIII

B.C. The Interior

*"This land the British Columbians regarded
almost as a sovereign state, themselves a chosen
people . . . The lavish dimensions of their
environment expanded their spirit . . . Their separate
patriotism soon became an infatuation"*

THE CHIEF of the Stuart Lake tribe bears the honorable name of Prince, bestowed on his grandfather by Simon Fraser, the first white explorer of these regions.

"Of course," Chief Prince told me, "that name was rather silly. A prince is a big man and we're only a small people. Still, my father said there were three thousand Indians here in his day. By George, things have changed."

They have changed more than the chief realizes. In his ninety-one years he has seen the physical process that has transformed British Columbia from a gold camp into the flashiest exhibit on the entire map of Canada. The larger change, invisible from the lonely shores of Stuart Lake, is psychic, a total revolution of the British Columbia spirit. It is, indeed, almost racial, since a new kind of man has taken over the province and an imported theory of politics has taken over its government.

Chief Prince seemed to suspect these things as he meditated in his bare but well-scrubbed cabin. Since there was no second chair, I sat on the edge of the homemade bed and observed with humility this oldest resident of Fort St. James, the first permanent fur-trading post west of the Rockies.

Through the window I could see the blue gash of the lake, pointing like a jagged signpost to the west. The same view of water and mountain confronted Fraser when he pushed through the Rockies, hit his river on its big bend and, before descending it to the sea, paddled west across the centre of British Columbia, halfway to the Pacific. In 1806 he met Chief Prince's grandfather here and built a fort by the lake shore.

Some of the whitewashed log buildings still stand as their builders left them. But the big British Columbia boom is penetrating even this remote spot. *Continued on page 32*

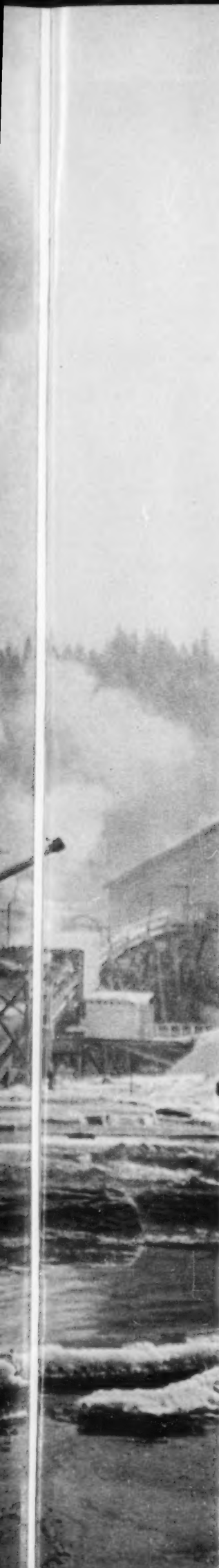
A LOGGER SORTS A LOG BOOM AT QUESNEL

*"By turns masculine and harsh . . . barren
and prolific, succulent and
sterile . . . where nature has gone berserk"*

LUMBER STACKS RISE AT PRINCE GEORGE

*"No land could satisfy their hunger . . .
They came to expect
a superior place . . . They achieved it"*

COLOR PHOTOS FOR MACLEAN'S BY PETER CROYDON





A SIREN onstage, Barbara Chilcott is so shy off it she can't shout, won't wear bright colors. Here she rehearses in Toronto's Crest Theatre.

The girl who learned to be a tempest



AN ARTIST, she works endlessly for the violent emotions she displays, right. Helping is husband Max Helpmann.

Barbara Chilcott was raised never to show emotion. Now on the
moan and rage. But it sometimes





A TROUPER, she was in the Navy Show but got too fat. Now she scrimps on food.



A DIRECTOR, she runs the Crest with her brothers Donald (left) and Murray Davis.

By Barbara Moon

BARBARA CHILCOTT is a thirty-three-year-old brunette from Newmarket, Ontario, who is widely held to be one of the top three or four actresses in Canada. She has starred in two Stratford Festivals, in outstanding stock and repertory productions and in Tamburlaine the Great's fell swoop last winter on Broadway. Furthermore, her close friends and associates—including her actor husband, Max Helpmann, and her two actor brothers, Murray and Donald Davis—are convinced she's not only a successful actress but well on her way to being a great one.

Now this is a destiny with certain connotations: actresses in the grand manner—all the way from Nell Gwyn to Tallulah Bankhead—are expected to be tempestuous.

At first glance Barbara Chilcott more than qualifies. She is part gypsy, a blood strain that instantly suggests mystery and dark passions and is meat for press agents. Her appearance is certainly exotic: she has black hair, bold swarthy features and the fathomless gaze of a seer (she's shortsighted).

And onstage she takes a lover or gives a lung-splitting screech with equal aplomb.

In productions at the Crest Theatre, a permanent repertory theatre in Toronto of which she is part owner with her two brothers, she has laughed, raged, wept, sulked, squalled, sworn and moaned. In one production, T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, she was called upon to utter a particularly memorable scream. In Robertson Davies' new play, *Hunting Stuart*, she was given the part of a sultry lady genealogist who seduces an Ottawa civil servant. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which she starred at the 1954 Stratford Festival, she was pulled by the leg, trodden on, spilled on and slapped on the seat so that she emerged looking like a dirt-streaked ragamuffin. She capped the performance by turning a somersault down a flight of stairs. In *Tamburlaine the Great* she played Zenocrate, the conqueror's consort, in barbaric make-up, and audiences watched her being dragged willingly to Tamburlaine's tent, spitting insults at a captive queen and finally expiring dramatically while propped up on a pallet.

And yet every public tear and every gesture represents a victory over herself. A coach worked hours with her to achieve a satisfactory scream in the Eliot play. Before she played at Stratford she had never done a somersault in her life. She is so physically tense on opening nights that she now calls in a chiropractor beforehand to help her relax enough to get her voice down to a normal pitch and her move-

ments co-ordinated. Far from being the tempestuous figure of the stage she is self-conscious and submissive. Her brothers, indeed, can never remember seeing her get angry.

For Barbara Chilcott, part gypsy, but also part Welsh and part United Empire Loyalist, was brought up to be a perfect little lady by the standards of a small Ontario town. She was also brought up a Christian Scientist and consequently was raised not to drink or smoke. She was further brought up never to lose her temper, never to cry, never to be a nuisance, never to dirty her clothes, never to romp, never to make herself conspicuous, and to be dutiful and always sit with her knees together. This is all very well if you want to be a lady, but no help at all if you're going to play *The Shrew*, one day, or *Zenocrate* the next.

Her story is the story of an unwilling rebellion against her upbringing, all the more painful because, as she now confesses, "I was always rather short on courage."

The rebellion was often unconscious, taking the form of frequent early sieges of sickness, a tendency to overeat, even her shortsightedness. ("I'm sure it was a form of escape," says Barbara now.)

But, because of a blind and bewildering desire to be an actress, there were advances toward her goal. The first was a fiasco. In her late teens she wrung consent from her father to enroll in a summer drama school near New York. The aunt who was detailed to accompany her died suddenly a few hours after she'd taken Barbara to the school. By the time Barbara returned from the funeral in Canada she was hopelessly behind the other students and too shy to catch up. "It was hell," she recalls, "so I ate myself into a stupor instead." Always sturdily built, she went up to 145 pounds.

Her second break—her first real stage job—was not much more reassuring. It was with the Canadian Navy Show, the wartime revue that first toured Canada and later England and parts of the continent and featured such top-flight performers as Blanche and Alan Lund and actor Robert Goodier. But Barbara's only assignments were to carry a flag in a production number and to say

Continued on page 42

stage, she must laugh, scream, sob,
takes a chiropractor to prepare her



A FADDIST, she tries treatments and tricks to act better and sometimes cries to relax.





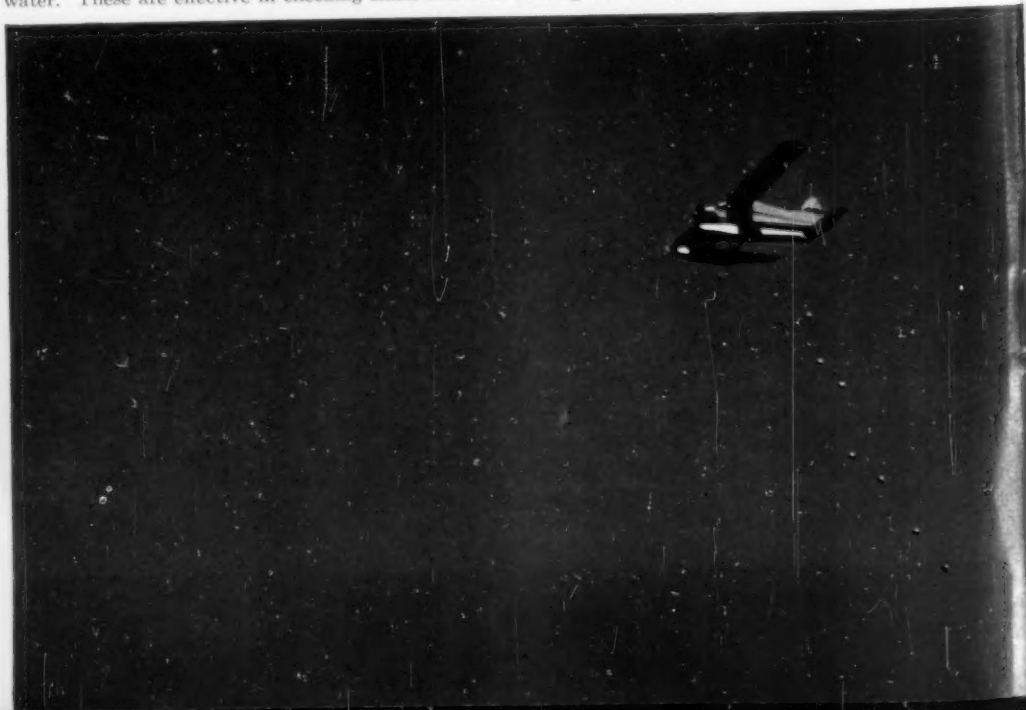
Into action within minutes of an alarm, forest crews like this fought nearly 2,300 Ontario fires in 1955. To keep tabs on 223,000 square miles of bush Ontario

The world's biggest fire department

Spotting: A patrol plane sights a "smoke." Ontario maintains fleet of forty-four aircraft on bush duty.



Bombing: Relays of planes begin an air attack on the flames, dropping "bombs"—paper bags filled with water. These are effective in checking small fires and slowing down larger outbreaks till crews arrive.





Ontario runs Canada's largest noncommercial radio network.

By Frank Croft

HIGH NOON, MAY 20 ONE YEAR AGO

Smoke drifted thinly upward to a clear hot sky twenty-three miles from ranger Len Woodbeck's spindly observation tower in the heart of Ontario's forest lands. It was what Woodbeck was watching for but what he most dreaded seeing. He grabbed his radiophone and signaled Chapleau headquarters of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, thirty-seven miles to the south of him. "There's a 'smoke,'" he reported. "I fix it in Admiral township—just on the north shore of the lake."

Admiral Lake is forty miles north of Chapleau, inside the Chapleau game preserve. There are no logging camps or mines in the area. Nor, at this time of the year, were there any campers. The lake is far from a railway, far from roads. And yet...

12.25 P.M.

Four fire fighters were on the shore of the lake, coupling fifteen hundred feet of hose, putting a power pump into operation, and, with swift practiced motions, setting up a fire line. While the ODB, a Beaver aircraft that had brought the men in, was taking off from the lake to return to Chapleau, other planes were in the air bringing more men and supplies. The biggest fire department in the world was sliding down the pole.

This department has 44 planes, 1,600 boats and canoes, 800 trucks and tractors, 20 railroad tank cars (owned by the railroads), 3,000,000 feet of hose, 20,000 axes and shovels, and camping equipment for 18,000 men. From its 280 steel observation towers, each with a minimum visibility radius of fifteen miles, rangers like Len Woodbeck constantly scan Ontario's 223,000 square miles of forests. The department's 2,000 full-time rangers, augmented from spring to fall by hundreds of temporary guardians, keep in touch with one another by means of Canada's largest noncommercial radio network: more than 700 receiving and transmitting units.

3.30 P.M.

Even before ODB's floats had touched the water at Admiral Lake on the first trip in, pilot Louis Poulin and his fire-fighting passengers had seen that this was to be a war. The thin blue column of smoke sighted by Woodbeck had become a menacing cloud. A steady wind was driving the fire inland faster than a man could walk, and in its path stood miles of spruce, pine and hardwood, dry as August stubble. There had been no rain for a month. The humidity level had been between eighteen and thirty, far beyond the danger point, which is forty-five. Unseasonably high temperatures had prevailed for days.

Now, three and a half hours after Woodbeck had reported smoke, flames had raced through two hundred acres and the fire was "crowning." A crown fire doesn't just spread from tree to tree. It's a long-range bombardment. Evergreens, especially the resinous pine, become exploding torches. Their small branches and tops literally burst from them and are lifted hundreds of feet by the updraft. They are swept along by the wind to spread destruction when they fall.

On the ground the heat was so intense that when men got within fifty yards of the fire they could smell their clothing scorch and their hair singe. With each puff of wind the roar of the flames drowned out their voices. The men struggled to establish lines to the west and north of the fire.

5.30 P.M.

Seven planes had made fifty-four flights into Admiral Lake from Chapleau and other bases. They had landed forty-five men and four thousand pounds of equipment, including fifteen pumps and two miles of hose. It was a disastrous day for fires. They seemed to be breaking out all over Ontario. But the Admiral Lake fire was the worst. Thirteen hundred others scattered at various points throughout the province would be

Continued on page 62

With "bombs," boats, planes and a permanent army of two thousand men Ontario's Department of Lands and Forests battles thousands of fires a year. Here's how one blaze was found, fought and beaten

Air-lifting: Planes operate a shuttle service to haul men and equipment to isolated fire area.



Mopping up: The fire is beaten but crews work on, putting out many small blazes that still pose a threat.



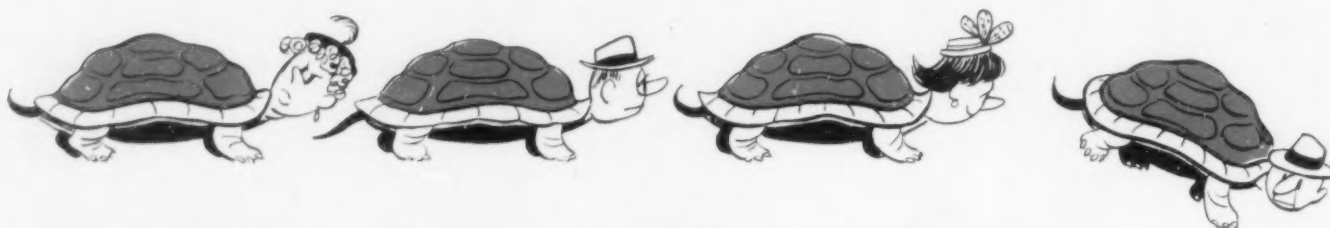
Resting: Fire's out, men relax. They get up to ninety-five cents an hour, and are always on call.





How To Get Ahead

(WITHOUT ACTUALLY USING YOUR ELBOWS)



Does waiting in line turn you into a bundle of twitching nerves?

Then try the Cummings method for making people disappear.

Even if it doesn't always work, it can do wonders for your mambo

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

I USED TO CHAFE, fret and cuss under my breath when I found myself near the end of a slowly moving line at a bank, post-office stamp window or tax collector's office. I hated all that waste of time.

But things have changed. Oh, I don't claim I prefer waiting in line to watching Marilyn Monroe or downing a good T-bone steak, but I've devised ways to make the time pass in a little more endurable fashion. One thing I do is sing. My voice is untrained but I can get fair volume and I enunciate distinctly. But of course I don't just sing any old song. I pick something appropriate and that will be recognized as such by my fellow waiters—songs like There's A Long Long Trail A-Winding, Wait Till the Cows Come Home, Time On My Hands, It's Been So Long, and Some Day.

Once when I had finished warbling the latter song, a young lady three places in front of me piped up with It Can't Go On Like This, and I joined her in a touching duet, after which we went through a few bars of Till the End of Time. As a rule, though, other people in line don't chime in with me. However, I think they enjoy my vocal efforts because when I sing I notice that the clerk or teller at the window works frantically to speed things up.

At any rate, singing puts me in a good mood. After that duet I was positively beaming when I finally got to the teller's window even though the purpose of my visit was to make good on a \$19.73 overdraft I had made. And I've found singing useful when somebody sneaks in line ahead of me—like the time I got a man to move crestfallenly back to the end of the line by singing I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You.

Certain conversational gambits are also effective, even with total strangers. Of course I don't advocate mumbling. "Sure is a long wait, isn't it?" because that just makes everybody, including myself, that

much more miserable and restless. But the weather can be useful.

I can remember the day—it was about ten days before Christmas—when I stood near the end of a long line of people waiting to mail Christmas presents. The man in back of me remarked, "Sure is cold, isn't it?"

"Yep," I said, and added, raising my voice considerably, "and they say there's a real killer-diller of a blizzard due to hit here any time." Immediately nearly a dozen people in the line ahead of me abandoned it—with the obvious intention of getting home and possibly laying in some supplies before the storm struck. Actually, I had been truthful in reporting what I'd heard on my radio, but I learned something from this. Since then I've taken to making up some pretty somber weather forecasts when a line moves too slowly for my tastes, and the resultant speed-ups have often been phenomenal.

The other day I tried a variation of this by getting into an idle conversation and then loudly remarking, "I wonder how they're making out with that four-alarm fire out at Maple Point." I hadn't realized how many fire buffs there are in this town. Darned if five people in front of me didn't dash out of the bank. But of course I never make up a rumor without some basis in fact, so I hope they weren't too disappointed when they discovered it was only a brush fire.

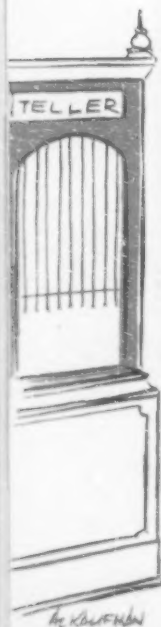
Speaking of conversational gambits, getting people's sympathy also helps. One day several years ago I struck up a conversation with a fellow waiter and adroitly veered the conversation around to children. "How many have you got?" he asked.

"Two," I said, "—at least I think it's two. The fact is that my wife is at the hospital and we're expecting an addition any moment. The minute I get this cheque cashed I'm going to rush right over there and see her."

This fabrication passed down the line like wildfire. I heard murmurs of: "The poor man must be out of his wits," and "Let's give him a break." In practically no time flat I

Continued on page 52

ILLUSTRATED BY AL KAUFMAN





Refreshing thought on glamour and go!

Dodge Mayfair V-8, 2-door hardtop

'56 DODGE

Big buy of the low-price field!

Whenever it appears on the scene, chances are you'll find this glamorous hardtop becomes the main topic of conversation!

And why shouldn't it? Just look at this daringly different conception of beauty! You see new Flight-Sweep styling in a car that blends traditional Dodge roominess and comfort with the youthful appeal of a hardtop.


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gives you up to 200 h.p. . . . there's ample reserve power for safer passing . . . to overpower the steepest hills.

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*Manufactured in Canada by
Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited*

See the glamorous new Dodge
with the Forward Look . . .  now on display!

Watch Climax—Shower of Stars weekly on TV. Check your newspaper for date and time.



New Flight-Sweep GLAMOUR! There's a hint of tomorrow in every modern Dodge line. Dramatic rear fenders slant skyward at a rakish angle. Taillight assembly remarkably resembles the tail of a jet.



New push-button GO! Here's the newest idea in automatic transmissions—PowerFlite with *push-button* controls! Just push a button, step on the gas, and go! So convenient, and push-button PowerFlite's simple, mechanical construction assures lasting, trouble-free operation.



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Dominion Security is a low premium plan with high benefits, which is the reason so many families are using it for Two-Way Security.

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is a good man to talk to**

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Dept. 26M, Waterloo, Ontario.
Please send particulars about the Dominion Security Plan. My Age is.....
Name
Address

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Gregory Peck, as able executive, faces troubles at home with wife Jennifer Jones.

BEST BET **THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT:** The widely read novel by Sloan Wilson becomes a somewhat long but solid and engrossing film. Haunted by his war experiences, a smart public-relations man (Gregory Peck) finds it necessary to re-examine his code of ethics while grappling with several tough problems in the office and at home. Fredric March as a radio-TV tycoon, Lee J. Cobb as an idealistic judge, and Jennifer Jones as our boy's troubled wife, are also helpful.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: Some of the acting in this ancient-history spectacular is better than ordinary, but frankly I found it awfully tedious long before the end of its two and a half hours. Richard Burton and Fredric March head a cast of thousands.

GEORDIE: Slightly hammed up in spots, this is nonetheless a sunny and enjoyable British comedy — based on a novel by Canada's David Walker. Its hero is a Highland Hercules (Bill Travers) who runs into woman trouble while throwing the hammer for Britain at the Olympic Games.

JUBAL: A superior western, with more sharply observed characters than you can find in run-of-the-range specimens. Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine and Rod Steiger are the top hands involved.

THE SEARCHERS: Famed director John Ford's new picture is a disappointment: an overlong, overcomplicated western (settlers vs. Comanches), redeemed at times by topnotch VistaVision photography. John Wayne is the rugged hero-heel.

Gilmour's guide to the current crop

Anything Goes: Musical. Good.	Manfish: Adventure. Poor.
Battle Stations: Sea war. Fair.	The Man Who Knew Too Much: Suspense mystery. Excellent.
The Benny Goodman Story: Jazz music-biography. Good.	The Man Who Never Was: Espionage thriller. Excellent.
The Big Knife: Drama. Good.	The Man With the Golden Arm: Drug-addict drama. Good.
Bottom of the Bottle: Drama. Fair.	Man With the Gun: Western. Good.
Cangaçeira: Brazilian drama. Good.	Marty: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
Carousel: Music-drama. Good.	Meet Me in Las Vegas: Comedy with music and ballet. Excellent.
Cash on Delivery: Comedy. Poor.	Miracle in the Rain: Drama. Fair.
Cockleshell Heroes: War drama. Good.	Never Say Goodbye: Drama. Fair.
The Conqueror: Historical melodrama. Fair.	Picnic: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Court Jester: Comedy. Excellent.	The Prisoner: Drama. Excellent.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.	Quentin Durward: Adventure. Good.
The Deep Blue Sea: Drama. Good.	Ransom: Suspense drama. Good.
Diabolique: Horror mystery. Good.	Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.
Glory: Racetrack drama. Fair.	The Rose Tattoo: Comedy-drama. Good.
Guys and Dolls: Musical. Excellent.	The Scarlet Hour: Melodrama. Fair.
The Harder They Fall: Drama. Good.	Serenade: Lanza sings again! Dandy for Lanza fans; not for me.
Hot Blood: Gypsy drama. Fair.	Simon and Laura: Comedy. Good.
I'll Cry Tomorrow: Drama. Good.	Three Stripes in the Sun: Comedy-drama. Good.
The Indian Fighter: Western. Fair.	Touch and Go: Comedy. Good.
The Ladykillers: Comedy. Good.	Trial: Drama. Excellent.
The Last Frontier: Western. Fair.	Tribute to a Bad Man: Western. Good.
The Last Hunt: Western. Good.	The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.
Let's Make Up: Fantasy-musical. Poor.	World in My Corner: Ring drama. Fair.
The Lieutenant Wore Skirts: Comedy. Good.	World Without End: Fantasy. Fair.
Littlest Outlaw: Children's story. Good.	
Lone Ranger: Western. Fine for kids.	
Lost: Kidnap drama. Fair.	

Goodyear Research Engineer Tells How

NYLON CORD IMPROVED—

New 3-T process makes nylon tires stronger than ever



1 "Ever noticed how flexible the blade of an ordinary hand saw is? When a saw binds, it bends—then snaps right back to its original shape. That's because the steel is *tempered*."



2 "We all know that a nail will bend—weaken—give way. It doesn't snap back into shape like the tempered steel in the hand saw. That's because the metal in the nail is *not tempered*."



3 "For some years nylon has been by far the strongest tire cord available. But now, Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process makes it *even better!* With the 3-T process, nylon cord is actually tempered much like the steel saw blade is tempered—giving the nylon cord

resiliency! Because of this extra resiliency, Goodyear 3-T nylon cord tires run cooler and take severe road pounding right in their stride—give *even more* trouble-free mileage—even *more* recaps than ordinary nylon cord tires."



4 "Goodyear Tires built with 3-T nylon offer many advantages over tires made with ordinary nylon. Because this improved nylon is so much tougher, so much more resilient, tire mileage is vastly increased—bruise-breaks are virtually eliminated—tire 'growth' controlled. *At last* you can recap again and again with perfect safety."



5 **Only Goodyear makes 3-T nylon cord!** The 3-T process is patented. So you see there *is* a difference in nylon tires—and this difference costs you not one penny more than tires made with ordinary nylon cord. Ask *your* Goodyear dealer about nylon tires.

P.S.—Goodyear's 3-T process makes rayon cord tires better too.

GOODYEAR  **3-T** **NYLON CORD TIRES**

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Typical low rates

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Montreal to Halifax.....	\$1.40
Regina to Toronto.....	\$2.20
Winnipeg to Fredericton...	\$2.35

Above rates in effect from 6 p.m. to 4.30 a.m. station to station daily and all day Sunday.

Trans-Canada Telephone SYSTEM

Bruce Hutchison rediscovers B.C. The Interior

Continued from page 23

"Everybody is richer," the chief observed, "but nobody seems to be as happy now"

A sawmill and a village had grown up since my last visit. The chief followed my glance and read my thoughts.

"Everything changes," he said, "but the lake and the mountains. They never change. Only men change, by George!"

He rose, trembling, from his chair to peer through the window with me—a tall stately figure in spotless white shirt and blue overalls, easily the handsomest man I had encountered in Canada. His face, molded in lean angular planes, would fascinate any sculptor. The black steady eyes, the closely clipped white mustache and the air of gentle authority belonged to the portrait of some English aristocrat. Only the dark skin revealed his origins. This humble Indian was evidently a prince by nature.

His shadowy tribal authority extends over an area that would be considered large in most countries, but this complex of lakes, hills and rivers almost at the dead centre of British Columbia is a tiny pocket in the immensity of a province fractured as by a convulsion of nature, by some single sledge-hammer blow, into at least ten main compartments and countless minor cells of habitation, all strangers to one another.

Few travelers turn off the main (and rutted) road between Prince George and Prince Rupert to visit Stuart Lake, and not many British Columbians have heard of Chief Prince. But he takes his duties seriously. As I entered his cabin he was reading a magazine, months out-of-date, to inform himself

about President Eisenhower. It must be a difficult job, he said, to act as the chief of a great nation.

(Would I prefer, he asked, to speak English or French? I chose English.)

"Well," he added in the English of an educated man, "Eisenhower and men in such positions have a hard time these days. Everything is bigger, everybody is richer but nobody seems to be as happy as in the old days, by George! I sometimes think most of us around here were better off when we had nothing but a flintlock gun, or maybe a secondhand rifle, with very little ammunition—it cost too much, you know—and a bow and arrow to shoot small game. Well, that's progress. Yes, by George, progress!"

This was said without bitterness but with a certain cheerful resignation. Unconsciously, the chief had expressed the thoughts of all that vanishing race, the British Columbia old-timers, Indian and white.

A tiny Indian girl, like a plump doll in a yellow dress, came shouting through the doorway, fell silent as she saw me and shyly snuggled into her grandfather's lap. He petted her with his trembling hands and whispered some Indian words. This child, he said proudly, had been baptized, like him, in the Roman Catholic faith. I would find his birth certificate and hers, properly recorded, at the old church a mile up the road.

He inquired suddenly if I were a Catholic. I said I was not. Well, he admitted, any Christian religion was good, so long as a man observed it, by

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BRUCE HUTCHISON'S ROUTE through the B.C. interior is indicated by black line. Stopped by floods at Prince George, he was forced to swing back on a four-day detour through Alberta and Idaho to reach southern half of B.C.

George. What, I asked, did he think of the original Indian religion? "Oh that!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Only a kind of dream, you know. It was nothing."

He told me many tales of his people, of Father Morice (a faded portrait of that great missionary hung on the wall), of the hunt, the autumn salmon hordes, the spruce-bark canoes of his boyhood. Yes, he had traveled far, even down the Peace River on a raft at the age of sixteen. Always his talk returned to the fame of his grandfather, Fraser's friend, around whose grave he had built a picket fence, hard by the lake. Well, he would be buried nearby—quite soon, he supposed.

Yes, he repeated, everything had changed. The supply of game was depleted. His people worked in the sawmill, they owned houses and bought automobiles but they had lost something—"and the white man, too, he has lost something, very big. By George, yes."

He got painfully to his feet again, the once-powerful limbs shaking, to say good-by. His hand grip was rough and strong. The black eyes searched mine for a moment. Then he said, "We will not meet again, my friend. Not in this world. *Adieu.*"

I looked back from the dusty road. The Indian who bore the name of Prince was watching, erect and unafraid, from the door of his cabin, as a prince might stand at the gate of a castle. He would not be there long. His British Columbia, and the land of my own youth, already were dead.

A mountain gale and a cold rain blew down the lake that night. We huddled around a stone fireplace, listening to the adventures of a pioneer lady and the incredulous comments of a young German immigrant, just arrived here and madly in love with his new country. By morning the road out of Fort St. James would have been impassable but for the help of an enterprising small boy with his father's farm tractor, who pulled us through the worst mudholes. His fee was modest.

Back on the rough main road at Vanderhoof, we intended to drive westward and reach the coast at Prince Rupert. The land between us and the sea, as I remembered it, contained some green valleys much like Switzerland, the storied hamlet of Hazelton beside the blue pyramid of Rocher de Boule, the totem poles of Kispiox, the canyons of the Bulkley and the misty gorge of the Skeena. But doubtless I would not know this country now. Nowhere had the boom effected more rapid changes in human life, in geography and in the original substance of the continent.

Not far from Vanderhoof the Nechako River had been dammed off from the Fraser and now flowed through a mountain tunnel to turn the turbines of the Kitimat aluminum plant. The lakes of Tweedsmuir Park to the southward were rising to drown their timbered shores and swell into a vast reservoir which nature had directed eastward and man had turned westward by a short cut to the ocean.

In this weather and on these roads we could not afford time enough to reach Prince Rupert. If the rain continued we would be lucky to reach Vancouver, some six hundred miles away, in the next two or three days. As it turned out, we were actually distant from Vancouver by a detour of some two thousand miles. A June cloudburst was beginning just then to sever the whole provincial highway system.

Ignorant of that fact, we pushed eastward to Prince George. Geographically, this town stands midway between the northern and southern



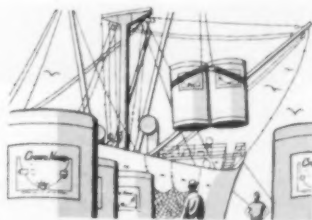
The text-book that never ends

In the classroom, so much for the eager, open mind of a child comes from the newspapers. Here, where no text-book can keep pace with events, the newspaper brings an exciting world into focus, presents Canada's growth in perspective to the whole. For all of us, newspapers are woven early into the fabric of life.

As our country grows, so does the readership of newspapers, and with it, the demand for newsprint on which they are published.

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boundaries of British Columbia, but in history, spirit and look it is purely northern—one of Fraser's fur posts grown into a lumbering centre of some ten thousand people.

We had known it, not long ago, as a dilapidated main street and a few saw-mills on the bank of the muddy Fraser. Mr. Peter Wilson, its veteran barrister, could remember it when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway came through in 1914, when sternwheelers still churned the river, when everybody expected to be rich tomorrow morning, and the town's bread was made by

a German baker, who kneaded it industriously with his bare feet.

Mr. Wilson's distinguished son, Justice J. O. Wilson of the B. C. Supreme Court, could remember a home town so primitive that, awaking one winter night, he found an Indian pony shivering beside the kitchen stove.

While modern Prince George fairly bursts with growing population and civic pride as the true capital of the north, the old-timers here, as everywhere, long for the freedom, the poverty and the gamble of the lost

frontier. They used no such words, but they knew, as I did, that British Columbia was losing a special quality of mind, a spiritual climate and an inner tone that long distinguished it from all other provinces.

Its people were necessarily different from all others. They were the only Canadians who had penetrated the final obstruction on the long westward march to the sea. They had gone as far as man could go. Sealed off not only from Canada but from one another in their mountain labyrinth, they were subtly unified by their sense of sepa-

rateness and their joint secret.

No barrier could stay them. No land could satisfy their hunger until their feet were set upon the last margin of the continent. Now they stood at the trail's end and shared a mystery. For they alone had beheld the western sea and a world around them too big for their imagination, too beautiful for language and perhaps too rich for their own good. After that ultimate revelation they never looked back.

Once past the Rockies, they possessed the fairest or, at any rate, the most varied land in Canada—a land by turns masculine and harsh, feminine and soft, barren and prolific, succulent and sterile, frightening and sublime; a land where nature has gone berserk, where every river runs the wrong way, every mile of road is different, every valley holds its own secret and something is lost and waiting behind every range; a land to tantalize, to inspire, sometimes to madden and always, like a will-o'-the-wisp, to suck men deeper into discovery, terror and wild surmise.

This land the British Columbians regarded almost as a sovereign state, themselves as a chosen people. Their separate patriotism soon became an infatuation, at times noble, at others mean and stupid, but always instinctive, innocent and passionate.

As they lived in successive spasms of boom—from the boom of gold in Cariboo to the boom of timber on the coast—they came to expect, as their natural right, a superior place in Confederation. By material measurement they achieved it.

If they were more provincial, self-centred and selfish than other Canadians, their character was redeemed by a reckless generosity among themselves, a willingness to gamble for high stakes, a largeness of view (so long as that view went no farther east than the Rockies) and a boisterous, out-of-door life, close to the earth, the forest and the mountain.

B. C. discovers Canada

If life here was prodigal, eccentric and often crazy, the English settlers gave it their instinct of order, a respect for tradition and good form, a leaven of manners that marked its public visage with a stiff upper lip and even its speech with the local traces of English accent.

If the early British Columbians hardly understood the nation or their part in it, and therefore never produced a national idea or statesman of importance, they were faithful to their own ways, built their own civilization, idolized their own land and reared a prodigy in its image. The lavish dimensions of their environment expanded their spirit, yet blinded them to the still-larger facts of Canada. In short, they were primarily British Columbians, and Canadians incidentally.

That pioneer British Columbia is being re-educated, tamed and rubbed smooth by a massive influx of Canadians from other provinces, the conforming pressures of industry and the sudden awareness of Canada. In the last quarter century or so—no earlier—British Columbia has joined Canada.

That is a gain of incalculable value to the nation's strength. British Columbia has lost much of its old eccentricity, its touch of odd grandeur and (one would say if that word had not been debauched by Hollywood) its tinge of glamour. That is an incalculable loss to the color, individualism and richness of the nation.

Every old British Columbian will understand what I mean. The newcomers will not understand. I cannot



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AUTOMATION FOR CANADIAN BUSINESS

explain, but I can give you one minor example of the process.

No modern town is likely to repeat a classic piece of British Columbia folklore which has the advantage of being true.

As one of the town's pioneers told me that story, the first act of the Prince George Board of Trade, some forty years ago, was to seek new payrolls. An economic survey showed that the only payrolls immediately available were supported by an industry of pleasure, located a few miles downriver at South Fort George—an industry so prosperous that a railway contractor thought nothing of laying a thousand-dollar bill on the bar to quench the evening's thirst of his workmen.

After lengthy deliberation, the board of trade respectfully approached a lady who operated the leading industry of South Fort George and persuaded her, by promises of official support, to move her enterprise into the new town.

Having built a palace of unexemplified splendor, she invited Prince George society to a grand opening. All went swimmingly on a torrent of champagne until the police, allegedly under the influence of South Fort George, raided the new industry with fatal results.

"You should have seen," my informant added, "all those businessmen in dress suits diving through the windows. I went first, as a matter of fact, out of the second story."

"Well, that ruined our first industry. The proprietress shook the dust of Prince George from her slippers—they were gold slippers, as I recall—and abandoned her palace out there in the bush without a whimper. So we made it into the first city hall. A good one, too, with some lady's first name still painted neatly on every door. We've got a modern city hall now but it lacks the old glamour—and memories."

We left that veteran of a more candid if not a less sinfulness and started southward by road. On my first trip here, thirty-five years ago, there was no road and I traveled by river, in Capt. Foster's lopsided and leaky ark, the Circle W, last successor to the old steamboat fleet. Now there was a road (though a very bad one) and even a railway. The Pacific Great Eastern had reached Prince George and pushed north toward the Peace River Country. Or rather there had been a road until early that morning.

An hour out of the town, we found a flooded creek carrying the remains of a flimsy bridge and several shacks down to the Fraser. The railway also had been washed out by the cloudburst. The whole north was cut off from Vancouver.

That little flood, perhaps twenty yards wide, told more about British Columbia than any map—a province so splintered and partitioned that a few inches of rain or a slide of rock in any one of a thousand places can isolate an area as large as a European nation.

The only corridor from north to south, the great trench of the Fraser, would be closed for days. So we drove eastward again into the Rockies, retracing the journey of the last fortnight. As our time was short, we paused only to observe the construction gangs on the railway extension and to confer with a trapper who told us that he and his colleagues had recently met and decided to boycott the income tax on grounds of principle. "We talked it over," he said, "and figured we wouldn't have nothin' to do with it. It's just no good." That man was an unreconstructed British Columbian.

A weary drive through the Peace River Country and half the length of Alberta took us into the Crownsnest Pass. There we found that floods had

closed every road across British Columbia and halted all automobile traffic from the prairies. Perforce, we turned south into Idaho and finally recrossed the boundary into Vancouver.

Those floods had cost us four wasted days and some furious driving, but they had taught us something about a province where all human life from the beginning has hung on a trail, a road or a railway, precariously glued to a precipice.

Now we must start our explorations all over again. Their route will confuse anyone but a native.

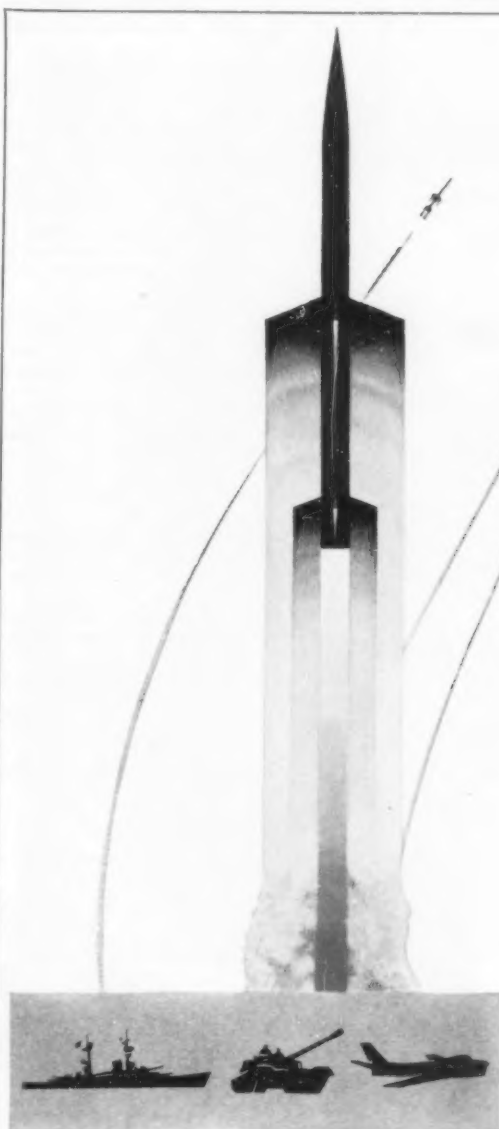
Before writer and reader get lost together, observe that British Columbia is trisected from north to south by two great rivers, the Fraser and the Columbia. Ascend the Fraser from Vancouver and you enter the rolling central plateau called Cariboo, with the Rockies and the Coast Range on either side. Cross a low divide eastward into the Columbia watershed and you enter the Okanagan orchard land; then, over another range, the Arrow Lakes country, the Kootenays and the Rockies proper.

The Fraser is the Pacific gateway to

all this chaotic hinterland, the central artery of British Columbia and the economic aorta of western Canada, through which the nation's life stream is pumped from the interior to the coast. And so, as many times before, in summer heat or winter snow, we started up the Fraser.

A stranger may travel a good hundred miles eastward from Vancouver without realizing what has happened to the original road and the people beside it.

The narrowing Fraser delta and green patchwork of dairy farms look



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like the farmlands of Ontario or Quebec, except for the towering line fence of the Coast Range. Only a few mighty stumps in some farmer's field stand as decaying monuments to the coast jungle. Only a broken wooden cross by the roadside marks one of those little adventures that together made the national adventure of Cariboo. Only yesterday it was still an adventure to drive into the continental gorge on a twisting track not much better than the gossamer strung on toothpicks to carry the gold rush. But only a British Columbian is likely to know the story of that incredible Cariboo Road.

Steamboats once paddled these furious waters past Hope to Yale. Those ancient cherry trees just off Yale's main street were planted by the gold miners and the builders of the CPR. Fraser crawled on hands and knees around the vortex of Hell's Gate. The autumn shoals of salmon, now swimming through the concrete tunnels of the Gate, have fed man since the Indians' arrival here, perhaps have fed unknown races still older.

Caravans of mules, oxen and even camels toiled around the dark bluffs of Jackass Mountain and China Bar. That overgrown trail winding in places beside the pavement is a fragment of the original Cariboo Road. No engineer, with all his instruments and learning, could improve on the location chosen by the shrewd guess of Douglas and his sappers. That spider web of steel at Alexandria hangs across the river in the exact spot where Joseph Trutch and his workmen built the first suspension bridge west of the Rockies, weaving its wire cables by hand.

The final shape of Canada was decided in this canyon. It alone could lead the young nation to the sea and confirm the imaginary line of the 49th parallel.

Look down, then, from any high

place upon this dark jumble and splintered chaos, this tortured trench bored through the westernmost mountains by a mad river in the molten infancy of the planet—look down upon the oily smear of the Fraser, the freight trains of centipede size lost and wailing in the darkness, the lights of a town smaller than fireflies, and if you are a British Columbian you can imagine the passengers of this last continental passage, the Indians, the miners, the road builders, the railway builders and now the whole concentrated flow of Canada's business.

At Lytton the Thompson's waters print a hard green line across the brown Fraser, announcing the confluence of two vast watersheds. One can turn eastward by the main highway but we always prefer the old side road to the sleepy village of Lillooet. Here some disordered minor veins flow into the central artery and nourish some curious humans, long barricaded against the world and little changed since the gold rush.

Westward from Lillooet lies a chain of lakes blue as sapphire, the Bridge River gold mines and the Pacific Great Eastern's twisted pass to the coast. Northeastward the road climbs by reeling switchbacks of clay to the red-towered church and Indian hamlet of Pavilion, high above the Fraser.

Pavilion's oldest residents, Kate and Johnny, may still be discovered, if a hot day brings them, blinking, into the sun—he an Indian who announced his impending demise forty years ago, remains in excellent health but somehow has never got around to putting a roof on the new cabin, half-built in his youth; his wife a bent woman of unimaginable age who has been laundress, midwife and undertaker to the Pavilion tribe and many whites as long as anyone can remember.

As a kind of ceremonial welcome to this ancient crossroads and Indian

JASPER

by Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Haven't you got a summer outfit?"

battleground she may give you a handful of apricots, currants or corn from her disordered garden, and direct you to the painted pictographs of her people on the walls of Marble Canyon.

Across the road, in a shack six feet square, lived that immortal philosopher, Charlie Shaw, content to cultivate his morning-glories — not quite immortal, for he is gone now, buried at Ashcroft, before only three witnesses, when his only ambition was a fine funeral.

Pakulla has gone, too, that peerless Indian rider who once galloped to Clinton in three hours to summon a doctor, rode his horse to death and later was himself killed by a locomotive while drowning on the railway grade.

We always avoid the easy Marble Canyon road to drive instead straight up the side of Pavilion Mountain and, topping the summit, drop into an unlikely saucer of range land. This is the Carson ranch, perhaps the first cattle ranch west of the Rockies, whose founder discovered it on his way to Cariboo and ruled it as a private kingdom. The surrounding pinnacles of white, the green alfalfa fields, the lurching log barns and the great house of squared timber always seemed to us the noblest sight in British Columbia. But we are prejudiced by certain memories of men, horses, campfires, feasts around a red-hot kitchen stove and still winter nights when the stars hung low and the coyotes howled at the moon.

The Carson house, almost a century old, is disguised now under a modern veneer, but no one will ever disturb the bare hillock under a single pine tree and the many Carsons sleeping there, among them Ernest—a horseman, a rancher, a cabinet minister, our first great road builder and, by general consent, the finest gentleman of British Columbia.

"They're a-gonna drowned it!"

Having often ridden about these ancestral acres with Ernest and his wife Halcyon, we repaired now to our favorite rendezvous on the rim of the Fraser's canyon. In the west glistened the spikes of the Coast Range. In the south the Lillooet mountains hung transparent and insubstantial like curtains of thin blue stuff. And, straight below, in its appalling trench of clay, the Fraser wriggled like a brown and ragged thread, thin enough to fit the finest needle.

That spectacle changes season by season, day by day and hour by hour as the moving shadows reshape the kneaded hills—in winter a white land and a hard green river; in spring a faint green wash of bunch grass, a flame of reddening willows, a river turning brown and a smell of warming earth; in summer caked clay, hot stone, a swollen, muddy river; in autumn's foliage a freshet of molten gold; and always, writhing within its narrow prison, the Fraser's angry murmur.

There, on the baking railway grade, we encountered an aged man, bearded and dirty, who flung his hand and shrieked his solitary protest into the void.

"They're a-gonna dam her right down there!" he cried. "Sure as hell's a man trap, that's where the dam's a-gonna be. And then what?"

He glared at me under tangled eyebrows and awaited my answer. As I could think of none, he continued in a hoarse bellow: "I'll tell you what they're a-gonna do! They're a-gonna back the river up a hundred miles, in a big lake, see, to make elec-tricity! What fer? Why, fer Vancouver, of course. They're a-gonna drowned half Cariboo to make elec-tricity fer Vancouver and Vancouver's no good to

nobody. Let 'em drowned Vancouver and leave us be!"

Doubtless a dam will be built some day at Moran Rapids directly below us, with other dams downstream. British Columbia's largest resource and secret weapon of industry is water power and the Fraser's titanic motion contains one of the world's largest stores of unused energy. At its present rate of expansion, the fastest ever known in Canada, this province will harness every fall of water from the Rockies to the coast and alter the whole scheme of western geography before it

is finished. But the consequences won't be as bad as that old man supposes.

I urged him to consider British Columbia's splendid future, the water power, the forests, minerals, fisheries and farmlands already supporting Canada's third province, which may become its first. He was not, I regret to report, impressed.

"I'm agin it," he said, and spat tobacco juice down two thousand feet with remarkably accurate aim. His protest thus recorded, he shuffled along the railway grade.

We took a last look at our favorite spectacle and drove northward across the rolling central plateau called Cariboo.

Until Ernest Carson rebuilt it, the Cariboo Road, slightly improved since the time of Governor Douglas, curved around every rock, gully and stump. Every curve had its story and every shabby inn its ghosts.

Douglas, Begbie (the Hanging Judge who seldom hanged anybody), Amor de Cosmos, Cariboo Cameron, Billy Barker and all the old giants traveled this road, stopped at Clinton, at the



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Who remembers them now? How many truck drivers on this crowded highway, eating in some evil coffee shop, have ever tasted the Gargantuan dollar meals of Cariboo—as much as you could hold, no tips, all women strictly confined to the kitchen and men only in the dining room?

The Cariboo plateau is the only place where the size of British Columbia can be glimpsed, where distance is not shut out and the next valley hidden

by a mountain or a forest. And here in the dry belt you might have entered the atmosphere of another planet.

The reek of the sea and the Pacific jungle changes, as soon as you cross the Coast Range, to the stinging, medicinal whiff of bull pine, juniper, sagebrush and clay, softened in spring by the tantalizing scent of syringa and alfalfa bloom, in summer by the smell of new haystacks and always by the brave smell of horses, cattle, log barns and saddle leather.

A dank, lethargic coastal man like me fills his lungs with dry upland air,

regains his youth and seems to need no sleep at night. After the metallic clamor of cities his ears are soothed by the sound of gurgling irrigation ditches, of rivers muttering in the night, of bawling herds, horses' hooves on a muddy road, wind whispering in parched pine needles and fire crackling in a drum stove.

The Cariboo breed, impregnated with the flavor and history of this land, is different from any breed in Canada, but it is changing under the first tremors of progress.

We could hardly recognize the road,

paved and cut straight across the Hundred Mile Hill, or the busy lumbering town that has replaced the drowsy village of Quesnel on the Fraser's bank. The beloved Louis LeBourdais, Quesnel's first citizen, was missing—buried, as he wished, while the local band played Don't Fence Me In. Gone, too, the jangle of spurs on wooden sidewalks, the bleached bones of the last steamboat and the retired stage driver who assured me one night that the sunset was "pretty good for a town of five hundred people."

Barkerville, in the mountains to the eastward, the ghost town of the gold rush, is changeless physically—a single street of drunken shacks wedged between a mountain and the tailings of Williams Creek—but its human patina is rubbing off. Thirty years ago, when I rode into town on horseback with one companion, Bill Brown, a survivor of the rush, stamped out of Kelly's Hotel into a midnight storm because he could never abide a crowd. Harry Jones still lived in his cabin by Lightning Creek and remembered all the Argonauts of '62. Not one is left now.

Nothing but a few ruined cabins mark the diggings of the Quesnel Lake country, but the salmon still swarm in the river sand, as they have swarmed through a million forgotten autumns, lay their eggs five hundred miles from sea and die in the invariable cycle of their kind. As we watched those mysterious creatures ending their lives exactly where they were hatched, a venerable native of these parts joined us on the riverbank and uttered a queer remark.

"The salmon," he said, "know when to call it quits. Once they've finished the job, they die right smack on time. We haven't got that much sense. We linger on after we're no more use to nobody."

The female fish dug a sand pocket with her thrashing fins and laid her myriad scarlet eggs. A male dashed in to fertilize them with his milt. Then both these voyagers, who had penetrated the Pacific's unknown depths, lay limp, already half-dead, on the shore.

"Funny thing," the native said, "that a fish has more sense, and more guts, too, than a man."

Vital trickle from the sponge

Across the Fraser the empty plateau of Chilcotin, the big ranches, the cowboys, the cattle and, farther west, the badlands of stunted trees and swampy roads seem to have resisted progress. So have the thirsty benches of the Thompson which will become another Okanagan some day. Here only the last black skeletons of Walhachin's dead orchards attest the fertility of this soil and the decisive fact of human life in the dry belt—its absolute dependence on a trickle of water from the upland sponge. The Pacific cloud mass, punctured by the spires of the Coast Range, is dehydrated as it moves eastward, yet the pattern of rain is so freakish that the dry belt scenery of bare clay, eroded canyons and painted buttes can merge suddenly, a few miles off, into a region of rampant growth and snowfall ten feet deep.

The land cannot change much until water is pumped by cheap power from the Fraser and the Thompson, but the oasis of Kamloops, at the union of the two Thompsons, the true nexus of the interior, has burst its boundaries, crawls across its river flats, climbs higher up its tanned hills and spreads its gallant patch of cultivated green.

Though a few cowboys and Indians are still about, and some ruined prospectors snore in the poplar shade of the old men's home, an ancient



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Hudson's Bay post, a dusty cowtown of saloons and gun fights, a village of lawns and flowers has begun to look dangerously like a city. We fled up the North Thompson to a safe hermitage.

It will not be safe once a main road is pushed through to Jasper. Meanwhile the North Thompson country, wedged tight between the Rockies and the Cariboo, holds some of the nation's finest scenery, a rain forest far from the coast, and certain unknown characters.

It was here, a day's hard ride from any highway, that we first met Ted Helsett. On the pack trail, or around the campfire, this blond Norwegian looked like some lost Scandinavian god, or a misplaced Viking. He spoke seldom and then in reluctant snatches, but by the end of a week's travel he had unconsciously recited his own saga.

Ted lives on horseback all summer, on skis all winter. He has been trapped by forest fire and escaped cremation by inches when the wind changed. He has dropped a charging grizzly at a distance of three feet with his last bullet. He once broke a leg in a blizzard, decided to shoot himself but, on second thought, crawled two miles in two days, managed to light a signal fire and was found, not quite dead.

We followed that silent man up the Clearwater canyon, to the black cauldron of Helmcken Falls (far higher than Niagara), across terrifying river fords and finally to a nameless lake, where he had planted trout for his own amusement. I was not much interested in his fish. My great discovery was the man—master of woods, horses and life, a character strong enough to survive even the big boom.

Only rebels, heretics and nonconformists of the tougher sort can live, I suppose, in this deep mountain pocket. If anyone comes here quite sane and civilized the environment will soon induce a genial madness.

Grace McGaw and Dorothy Bell, for instance, arrived in a flivver years ago—two thoroughly normal newspaperwomen from Vancouver—became demented at the sight of a crumbling bush farm on Dutch Lake and transformed it into British Columbia's happiest retreat. Their vast kitchen is always the end of our trail for, thank the Lord, they have never regained their sanity.

After this untamed wilderness the Okanagan Valley looks pastoral, pampered and somewhat precious. Its endless miles of orchard, frothing in spring bloom or reeling under the crimson freight of autumn fruit, its three big towns of Vernon, Kelowna and Penticton and its usual air of affluence are all the work of man.

Half a century ago Okanagan was a bunch-grass range, feeding a few cattle. Man has tapped the mountain puddles, poured water on the barren soil and created the commonwealth's largest apple industry. In a province that can plow perhaps an acre in a hundred and must confine its farms to a few cramped valleys, this is something of a miracle.

But the enchantment of the valley is not to be found in the orchards, the towns or even the chameleon lakes, changing minute by minute from blue to green to purple. Man's real achievement is a perfect compromise between rustic and urban environment, a distinct method of life so far uncorrupted, and a private religion that worships a ruddy local god called McIntosh Red.

Still, on finding the towns tripled in size, we wondered if their idyllic life could last. How long would the Okanagan even believe in its other

deity, the lake serpent Ogo-pogo? How long would it nourish such a dreamer as Carol Aiken, whose dream takes the form of a stone manor house and a sunken Italian garden beside the lake; or that fine old clerical figure who has devoted his scholarship and life to the pursuit of rattlesnakes, careless of an occasional bite?

Filled with these forebodings, we crossed the dark Monashee Pass and

dropped down suddenly to the shore of the Arrow Lakes, two minor swellings in the Columbia, which is the identical twin of the Fraser.

British Columbia's two largest rivers may eventually become Siamese twins if their headwaters are joined by tunnel (a power scheme now under study) but so far the boom has not arrived in the Arrow Lake country. It is gripped in the mountains' vise and severed from

civilization except for a single road. Even here, though, things are changing.

Not long ago one could watch the last sternwheeler, the Lady Minto, wallow gallantly up the rapids, her funnel belching black smoke, her feeble old body staggering, her whistle screaming defiance through the hills; and at every village wharf a race of lonely men would gather to welcome that valiant lady of the lake as a sort of perambulating aunt in impoverished circumstances.

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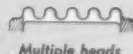
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my place the last time," a farmer told me.

Soon a pulp industry will be built nearby, the hills will be logged and then Arrow Lakes will hear the new whistle of the boom.

Slocan Lake, in another pocket to the eastward, enjoyed its boom in the great days of the silver mines and now slumbers with its memories, unaware of its future. Sometime, no doubt, Canada will realize that this lake, glittering like a vein of blue mineral in the ore of the mountains, is an almost exact reproduction of Lucerne, and they will make it into an unequalled Canadian tourist resort. Will they equal the architecture, the good taste and artistry of the Swiss? I doubt it.

Nelson was no longer the little town I knew in boyhood, yet for all its progress remains curiously unspoiled, its houses rolled like dice down its mountain to the shore of its azure lake. It was made by a hundred mining camps, their names now forgotten, by the power plants of Bonnington Falls, by Englishmen growing fruit in lakeside orchards and, most of all, by a sense of isolation, a stubborn belief that the topsy-turvy, alpine terrain of Kootenay provided the best life for men in Canada. Perhaps it does. Anyway, it has produced its own breed, legendary and unmistakable character.

Nevertheless, I missed the fleet of sternwheelers, those sprightly maidens of opulent white bosoms and glistening flanks, that paused at any beach if you waved a handkerchief, and the two tiny streetcars shuttling up and down the hill. Perhaps an old man may also be excused for shedding an invisible tear in the park where he ate his first ice-cream cone (they were better then) and received his first intimation of progress in a circus tent.

He may be pardoned too for wandering through the streets of Cranbrook in search of a little house built by his father before there was any town here, only a shack or two around the baronial seat of Hyde Baker.

The house still stood opposite the pioneer church and nearby the swamp once full of wild flowers but now full of business buildings. But I could not find the dingy hall in which Uncle Tom's Cabin was played every season by strolling players and several toothless hounds.

Where we once drove in a buggy, modern roads led through leagues of tiger lilies to the spacious Windermere Valley, across the Rockies to Banff, westward to Golden and around the Columbia's Big Bend to Revelstoke. Travel is now fast and easy, but it isn't so much fun. We turned back to the coast, carrying a heavy cargo of memories and the sudden weight of age.

If nothing else looked as good as in the old days, Trail at least had improved. The hills above the Columbia, once poisoned and stripped naked by the smelter's fumes, were turning green again. A grimy village had become a bustling town. At night the hideous daytime shape of the smelter looked like some Rhenish castle, every tower agleam.

I had once entered the inferno of Canada's largest metallurgical plant, had staggered past its miles of flaming furnaces and its lakes of acid, I had penetrated the tunnels and underground city of the Sullivan Mine at Kimberley, source of the smelter's ore. One such vision of hell was enough, so we drove up the hill from Trail to Rossland, that battered eagle's nest fastened loosely to a perpendicular crag.

What dreams of wealth were once dreamed in Rossland, what oceans of champagne flowed over the bars and what storied names announced the

treasure of Rossland's mines—the War Eagle, the Centre Star, the LeRoi, each name a shout of triumph, each citizen a potential millionaire!

Now reformed, gutted of its wealth and purged of its sin, Rossland is a quiet town, a residential suburb of an upstart Trail, and even a local titan like Bigada Mike, with his famous greeting, "Give-it-da-hell," is forgotten.

Two towering summits and one of Canada's worst main roads led us down to the boundary country at Grand Forks, yet another separate region nourishing another kind of people. Once they were miners, as recorded by their pyramids of black slag. Now they are farmers in a hot and fertile valley and are known to the world chiefly by the reputation of the Doukhobors.

Alas, I looked in vain for that Doukhobor mystic who used to pro-



MACLEAN'S

claim a divine mission on the streets of Grand Forks, his head swathed in a flour sack and spangled with oranges. His mission was finished and most of his people, the Spirit Wrestlers, were slowly becoming Canadians.

Next day, thanks to the new highway across Anarchist Mountain, down to the Okanagan Valley and straight westward through the Princeton mountains, we reached the high defiles of Allison Pass.

Only twenty years ago I had ridden a horse on the Dewdney Trail by narrow ledges and appalling gorges. I had waded the icy Skagit with old Bill Robinson, caught more trout than you will believe, watched mountain goat above the timber line and thought this country beyond the reach of progress.

Now our trail had become a broad pavement. I could find no trace of the old camping places, the upland meadows where our horses grazed, or Bill's cabin athwart the turbulent Sumallo.

It was impossible to explain and useless to lament the glory of British Columbia's lost youth. We descended from the mountains to the Fraser and the coast jungle, smelt the Pacific's salty wind, faced the jagged skyline of Vancouver and heard the great boom—no longer an abstract word but the audible drumbeat of Canada's march to the sea. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Hutchison
rediscovers

B.C. — THE COAST



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HUGH CARSON CO. LIMITED, OTTAWA

The girl who learned to be a tempest

Continued from page 25

"She felt sick dread on every opening night and decided that she was a failure"

one line: "Mail for Henry Blip." Barbara made no friends and ate her solitary way from 145 pounds to 165 pounds before she left Canada. And when the show was reorganized in England she was considered too fat for reassignment to the chorus line.

Later in London, after a session at the Central School of Speech and Drama, she tried to get work in the West End. In four years of making the rounds she got only two jobs, both as understudy.

Partly, she feels it was the fault of her somewhat Eurasian features. "Physically I was unacceptable in England. The agents would look at me and say, 'My dear, come back when we're doing White Cargo.'" She adds, "I think my looks keep me from getting television work in Canada too." She has made three appearances on CBC's Folio but hasn't starred on any other TV shows.

Her conviction that she is ugly is deeply rooted. As a stolid, bespectacled child with an unbecoming Dutch bob, Barbara knew she could never be considered for the role of Titania in a juvenile production of A Midsummer Night's Dream; a pretty blue-eyed blond cousin was a natural for the part. Barbara was cast as Bottom, the weaver.

She was also hampered by all the physical inhibitions planted in her childhood. She'd already been told by a dancing teacher to give up the idea of serious ballet training—her leg movements were hopelessly stiff. When, at the London drama school, she'd been commanded in class to scream, she couldn't do it. "I'd been brought up," she recalls wryly, "never even to call to someone across the street." No movement or intonation seemed spontaneous, so she tightened up and tried to manufacture it.

Most crippling, though, was her conviction that she was a trespasser in the theatre. "I thought I had no talent," she said recently. "I felt I had no business trying to be an actress; I had nothing to give; I felt vacant inside." She adds wonderingly, "But it was the only thing I wanted to do. I tried to make up for no talent by working hard."

Finally, in 1951, she fled back to Canada where, at Gravenhurst, her brothers had three years earlier begun a summer stock company called the Straw Hat Players. With regular work her technique began to improve. She was much admired, for instance, as the lead in a production of George Bernard Shaw's Candida.

In 1953 she and her brothers put up \$25,000, raised \$50,000 more and opened a permanent repertory company in Toronto, the Crest. She began to star. Her reviews ranged from good to glowing, but she still felt "vacant" inside, and tried to make up for it by work. Night after night she sat up till three in the morning after rehearsals, going over her role, charting every move, deciding on the exact pitch and intonation for every word. She felt sick dread on every opening night and decided, at every closing, that she was a failure. For instance, after the 1955 Stratford Festival, Robertson Davies, the bearded author-playwright-critic from Peterborough, wrote: "Miss Bar-

bara Chilcott played Portia (in Julius Caesar) with grace and dignity." Barbara begs to disagree. "I acted Portia very badly indeed," she says.

The year before she'd been heartsick but characteristically unsurprised when her Katharina in The Shrew was scarcely mentioned in the first-night reviews. "I knew I was the last choice for the part—they'd tried to get a star to play it—but the boys were counting on it to boost the Crest and I felt I'd let down the team."

Her memorable scream in Murder in the Cathedral now sticks out as the first turning point in her work. An English drama coach, Iris Warren, was at the Crest for rehearsals and she made Barbara run up and down the darkened aisles screaming as loud as she could until she and her voice were both relaxed. "It was great fun," recalls Barbara.

Relaxing can make you thin

This discovery started her on the search for a technique of relaxation that led first to an osteopath and then—last September—to a chiropractor. As Barbara describes her interview, the chiropractor straightaway reached for the corners of her jaw, found muscle bundles there and said solemnly, "You have been a very angry girl." He also observed that her throat was painfully constricted with long-suppressed grief and that those fatty deposits on the hips indicated fear and withdrawal. "If you're afraid or ashamed," he said, "you hold the pelvis rigid, circulation is restricted and fat is deposited."

In six months of treatment Barbara already feels she has lost inches off her hips. Before every opening night she now presents herself for chiropractic adjustments to enable her to relax. In addition she has been able lately to indulge in offstage clinical sessions of uncontrollable fear and withdrawal. "I scream ever so much better now, even than in Murder in the Cathedral," she reports.

Around the time she first went to a chiropractor Barbara also read a book on the psychosomatic causes of various disorders and another one on dianetics (a theory that relates emotional disturbances to prenatal experience) and decided to track down a psychotherapist who subscribed to these theories.

She found a female practitioner, who promptly traced most of Barbara's difficulties as a person and as an actress to the first decade of her life.

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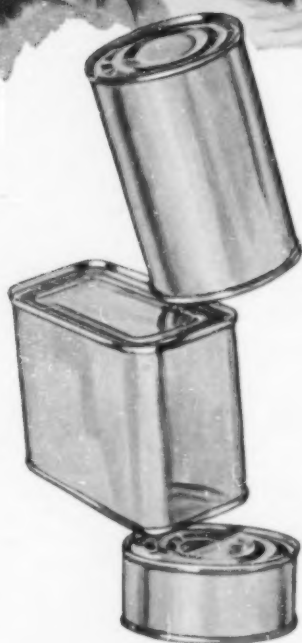
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Barbara had been brought up in a big rambling house in Newmarket by three aunts, two of whom were ex-school-teachers. Barbara was the oldest of the four children of Elihu James Davis Jr., scion of a United Empire Loyalist family, heir with two brothers to a profitable leather business and a shy theatre patron. Their mother was a dancing teacher—half-gypsy, half-Welsh—who wholeheartedly endorsed Victorian manners and Christian Science principles. Barbara's grandmother had been a Romany gypsy who had read palms for a living. Mrs. Davis died when Barbara was five and a half. Mr. Davis threw himself into his work, so the assorted aunts reared the children—Barbara, Murray, a sister named Jinna, and Donald—according to two precepts: "Never disturb your father," and "Always do as your mother would have wished."

Fortunately, Mrs. Davis had been drawn to theatricals and, since amateur theatricals are ideally adjusted to keeping four children simultaneously out of mischief, the little Davises were encouraged to act.

In the summer the family repaired to their cottage in Muskoka and for eight years in a row Josephine Barrington, a Toronto drama teacher, was invited up for two weeks to supervise juvenile productions of Shakespeare. The cast consisted of the four Davises and recruits from among neighbors and a multitude of cousins.

Later on, Barbara and Murray were sent to Miss Barrington's winter classes in Toronto and still later Donald got his chance. Jinna, now married and living in Timmins, early rebelled against the stage and enters the theatre now only as a spectator.

The Davises were one of the leading families in Newmarket, but the children were rigorously taught never to act as though they had more money or were different in any way from the rest of the townspeople. Unfortunately certain differences were inescapable. Barbara first learned of her gypsy blood when a little girl at school taunted her. Barbara went home and demanded the truth from an aunt; on learning it she burst into tears.

The psychotherapist now suggests that instead of rejecting her gypsy blood Barbara ought to become all-gypsy, like her grandmother. She says she is working out a program for Barbara's self-realization based on square dancing, associating with uninhibited people, wearing gaudy colors, full skirts, shawls and flat shoes and eating natural foods. So far Barbara has sampled only the square dancing.

In fact she's uncomfortable if she's conspicuous offstage, clinging to discreet skirts and sweaters, often forgetting to apply lipstick and almost always brushing her dark hair into a careless ponytail caught with an ordinary elastic. Not long ago a teen-ager saw her in this mufti and said scornfully, "Is that Barbara Chilcott? The actress?"

The most glamorous dress Barbara owns was given her last Christmas by her father, at the insistence of her brothers, who chose it with the help of an interior decorator. It is neither full-skirted nor gaudy, being a black satin sheath.

What with the chiropractic adjustments and the psychotherapeutic sorting-out, however, Barbara is beginning to feel the inner vacuum fill. Not long ago she made an interesting discovery. She had taken to sitting rapt, with



When the Davises posed with father in 1938 they had begun to act in family plays. E. J. Davis with Donald, Barbara, Murray.

**Barbara and her
brothers played at
acting and grew
into the theatre.**

Teen-age Barbara
played Scheherazade
in this 1938
performance of Aladdin.



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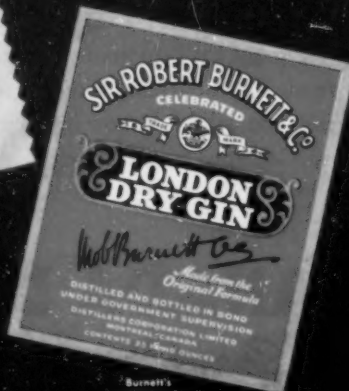
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closed eyes, for a short time before every performance and forcing every muscle in her body to unclench. At the moment her throat muscles—often taut to the point of a soundless scream—slacken there is an unbidden warm gush of tears to Barbara's eyes. One night Barbara found that at that moment, if she opened her eyes and blinked back the tears, she could for a minute or two see clearly. Normally she is so shortsighted that she sees the world as if it were underwater.

She discusses this experience with shy candor. "The tears mean I'm really relaxed," she says. "So, for a moment, I can see."

She is so enthusiastic about the treatment that she recently talked her husband, Max Helpmann, into consulting a chiropractor and a psychotherapist.

She met Helpmann when she was in England and married him in New York in 1952. He is the younger brother of the renowned dancer and classical actor, Robert Helpmann, has played in the permanent company of the Crest until this season, when he joined the Canadian Players, the barnstorming by-product of the Stratford Festival, to do Macduff on their western tour. Last month Barbara also joined the Players to do Lady Macbeth on their tour of northern Ontario.

Barbara has also talked one brother, Murray, into consulting her chiropractor. (Donald says, "I considered it, but I decided I was quite happy with my osteopath.") In addition she has enlisted one or two other members of the Crest company.

Last March 20, for instance, the Crest opened *Antigone*, by the French playwright, Jean Anouilh. On the day of the opening three members of the cast, including Barbara, turned up at the chiropractor's for mass tension-letting.

Barbara was cast in the central role, as the girl who defies her uncle, who is tyrant of Thebes, because of a blind sense of destiny and because her blood is the blood of King Oedipus and will not be denied. The psychotherapist recently opined, "Her playing *Antigone* was like a psychodrama (a form of mental therapy in which patients act out their inner conflicts in order to get rid of them)."

At his offices the whole group underwent chiropractic adjustments, then relieved their emotions and loosened

their muscles by crying, laughing and shouting, and all left late in the afternoon with swollen eyes.

Barbara arrived at the theatre at seven-thirty, donned make-up and quasi-classical costume by eight-twenty and went into communion with herself for ten minutes, looking up just before curtain time. She went upstairs and took her place on stage and, during the first speech by the Chorus, heard herself described thus:

"That dark-haired girl sitting by herself, staring straight ahead, seeing nothing, is *Antigone*. She is thinking. She is thinking that the instant I finish telling you who's who and what's what in this play she will burst forth as the dark, tense, serious girl, who is about to rise up and face the whole world alone—alone against the world and against Creon, her uncle, the King."

Barbara's brother Murray played the Chorus and her brother Donald played the king.

Then Barbara, as *Antigone*, faced her old nurse and was told, "How many times I would say to myself, 'Now that one, now: I wish she was a little more of a coquette—always wearing the same dress, her hair tumbling round her face.'"

Later *Antigone* says to her sister, Ismene, "I am not beautiful," and later still, "I'm sallow—and I'm not pretty," and still later, "Yes, I'm ugly."

But in the biggest scene she's allowed to turn full on the tyrant, scream and snarl at him, taunt him and finally spit an insult in his face.

After the final curtain Murray Davis exulted, "In our three seasons it's the first time I feel we've presented a unified artistic creation."

Unfortunately, during its run the house was only a quarter filled, and the Crest lost about six thousand dollars.

Donald, the youngest of the Davises, commented, "Really, there's been a gradual improvement in Barbara's acting right from *Candida*, her first summer at Gravenhurst, through her *Shrew* to *Zenocrate*, and now *Antigone*. She's certainly gained self-confidence."

Barbara herself says, "I used to overwork at everything I did. *Antigone*'s the first time I haven't worked out a single move or intonation ahead of time, but just let it come. You know the vacant feeling I used to have inside, as though I had nothing that was *me* to give? Now I don't have it." ★

The magic brain of Sigismund Gantzo

Continued from page 18

He showed four inches of hairy shin as he sat and crossed his legs. Birkett was willing to accept a certain originality in the specialists he employed, but at first sight he had considerable doubts about this Gantzo. Yet Blake Jopson, president of the Bank of Lower Canada, had said he thought Birkett should see him, and Jopson was not the man to waste time on phoneys.

"It is a very long time, Mr. Birkett, that I have wished to make your acquaintance. In my opinion, my humble opinion, you do more for Canadian industry than any man who is living. For you are one who truly appreciates the spirit of this new age. Yes, Mr. Birkett, the great men of our times are those who know how to make the machine serve mankind. Only the other day I was reading in Canadian Automation that—"

"Professor, I have another appointment in a quarter of an hour. Would you please tell me the purpose of your visit?"

Pain flashed through the big brown eyes. "Very well," the visitor said as he mentally skipped the remaining paragraphs of his introduction; he was a man who liked to do things the right way. "I am Professor Sigismund Gantzo, former incumbent of the Chair of Comparative Electronics at the University of Temesvar. I will be happy to submit any proofs you may require of my academic standing." No request was forthcoming. "I am also the proud inventor of the Gantzo Electronic Computer Mark IV." There was no comment. "It is my happy experience to offer to you, Mr. Birkett, the exclusive rights in North America to the use of this utterly amazing machine." He waited for the president's reaction and then concluded, quite emotionally, "It is just made for you, Mr. Birkett."

"What will your machine do, Gantzo?"

"It will think. It—it will make decisions."

"A machine that will make decisions?"

"Exactly." Gantzo could sit no longer. He began to pace the room, gesturing so that his cuffs caught up behind his elbows. "Many electronic computers exist today, the vulgar call them magic brains, but these machines can only add up and subtract figures, multiply and divide figures. If you ask them, 'Should I have meat or fish for lunch today?' they are stumped. But not the Gantzo Electronic Computer Mark IV!"

"I don't believe it."

"But yes, Mr. Birkett. It is the most sensitive, most subtle electronic machine ever invented. And I chose you as the one executive on this continent sure to appreciate it."

Arnold Birkett stared at his visitor, and wondered. It was fantastic. IBM, RCA, Bell Labs—none had approached this area of development. But in the Bedrock factories machines were now doing jobs not even conceived of ten years ago. He was on the point of constructing his first push-button plant. Why shouldn't there be a push-button executive? What fuss and trouble it would save him. Admittedly he had the best possible administrative machinery; he had introduced pooled judgment throughout the organization; no single man ever made a decision which could be made by a committee. But there were still too many time-consuming recriminations and post-

mortems. To be in a position to say to his executive committee, especially to that damned argumentative Bill Coburn, "This is it. Not your decision, or my decision, but the only possible decision, made electronically, untouched by human hand"—how often had he dreamed of such a situation. And

Gantzo had been recommended to him by the shrewdest banker in the country.

"Where is this invention of yours?" he asked.

"It is in my plant, in Lachine."

"Could you show me it?"

"But I should be delighted, Mr. Birkett. At any time. Shall we go there now? Oh, but you said you had an appointment."

Birkett looked at his pad. The comptroller was down for a discussion of taxes, an out-of-town director was due in for lunch, there was to be a final

meeting on the push-button factory plans. He called through to his secretary. "Miss Philby, I'm going out on urgent business. You will put off Mr. Sprott, ask Mr. Doughty to take Colonel Waverton to lunch, and tell Mr. Coburn that the meeting can begin without me. Thank you, Miss Philby." He turned to his visitor. "What sort of a plant have you, Gantzo?"

"It is just a small building near the railway tracks. I rented it from a man who made spruce beer. Apparently there is not the demand for spruce beer

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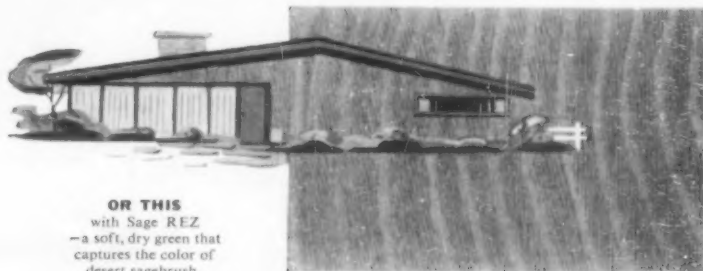


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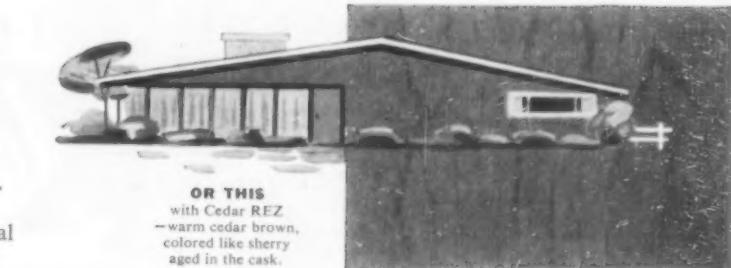
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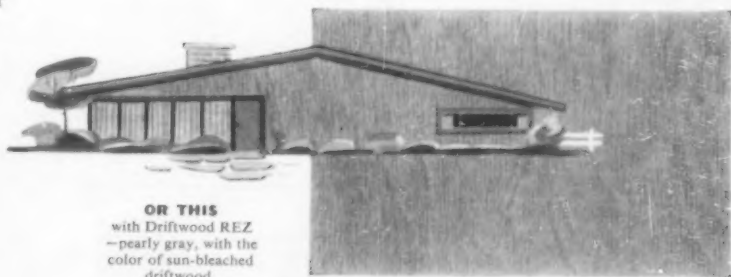
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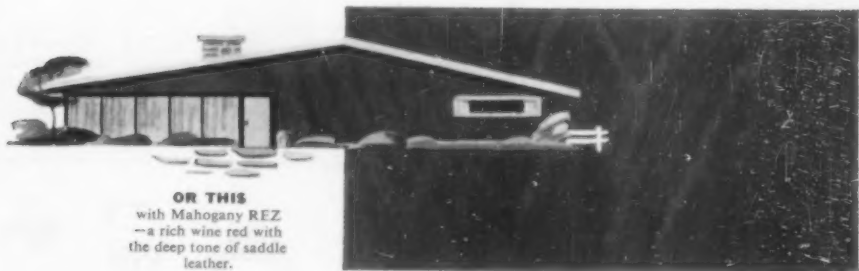
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"I'll call my chauffeur to get ready." Gantzoft raised a long palm. "Please, Mr. Birkett, you will excuse me but I do not think that advisable. There may be people who should not know that the president of Bedrock Incorporated is interested in the activities of Sigismund Gantzoft. I would rather invite you to take a place in my own humble automobile."

Birkett was now embarked. "As you wish," he said.

THEY went out together. To summon an elevator in the Bedrock Building you had just to stand in front of the doors. "I would be so bold as to suggest," Gantzoft said on the way down, "that we make use of your back exit. It is a small extra protection. And my car is conveniently parked."

The temperature was a trifle above zero, and it took time for Gantzoft's elderly English two-seater to gather its courage and power. They made their cautious way to Lachine in silence; Gantzoft was a driver who needed to concentrate wholeheartedly on the way ahead.

The plant—it was little more than a shed—was hidden behind a lumber yard. Birkett followed Gantzoft into the dark and cold interior. Then Gantzoft flicked a switch; fluorescent light swept down from the ceiling and warm air rose around them.

Birkett's eyes rushed to the installation which filled the far end of the shed; fifteen feet wide, eight feet high and about five feet deep, encased in grey shining metal, with two dozen dials and knobs grouped at one side. Near the dials, on a separate stand, was a streamlined version of a typewriter. A paper tape, quite wide, led from the typewriter into the computer.

"It's small," Birkett said; he had

seen Univac and other electronic giants.

"I have used many transistors and printed wiring and certain tiny components of my own invention."

They walked up to the computer. "I will explain the principle to you," Gantzoft said. "The machine associates what is unknown with what is known. First of all the known facts are fed to it on this tape punched according to a special formula. Then it takes time, only a second or two of course, to organize them in categories based on their relative significance. The answer is fed out on tape at the other end."

"Is the tape difficult to read?"

"It must be interpreted."

Birkett walked up and down in front of the machine. "Can you demonstrate it to me, Gantzoft? Can you solve a problem here and now?"

"A simple problem, yes. But not one that requires the machine to absorb a large amount of preliminary information. Because you see the mechanisms must be adjusted not only to the type of questions to be answered but also to the personalities of the individuals who will provide the information."

"I don't quite follow you."

"It is a matter of the built-in bias, Mr. Birkett. For the computer to work properly I must spend some time with the persons who are going to refer decisions to it, and feed the machine certain data based on my observations. In other words, the computer is not off the rack, it is tailor-made. And then, as different types of problems or different individuals are involved in the operation, adjustments must be made."

"It sounds a complicated process."

"Only at the beginning. Once the basic data have been established everything runs—how do you say—on wheels, on electronic wheels. But a simple job, Mr. Birkett, we can go to it right away."

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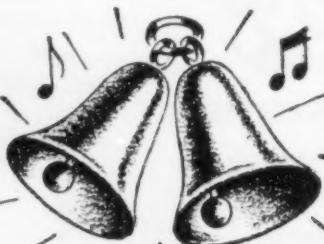
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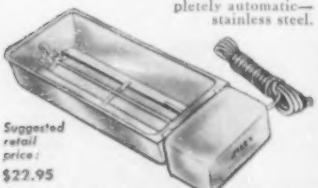


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It would not do to put a corporation decision before the machine at this stage. A fictitious case would prove nothing. But there was one personal problem scurrying round at the back of Birkett's head; it had been there for several annoying weeks. How wonderful it would be to tell Nora this evening, "I referred the matter to an electronic computer and this is what it decided." He turned to Gantzoﬀ. "Where should my wife and I spend our next vacation?"

Gantzoﬀ nodded appreciatively, hair swishing across his brow. He pressed a button on the side of the computer and the dials lit up. Then he sat at the typewriter. "First we will assemble the data."

An hour later Birkett could say honestly that he had emptied his memory of every discussion he had had with Nora. He put his own case for the fishing lodge and hers for Italy. He reported all the alternatives each had toyed with: the motor tour of Britain, Banﬀ, a visit to her nephew in Texas, the West Indies in the fall, Paris and the Loire. Periodically, Gantzoﬀ tapped furiously on the typewriter and feet of tape sped into the computer.

"I guess that's all," he said at last. Gantzoﬀ pressed another button and the red light flashed almost immediately. "Now I will put the question."

Gantzoﬀ typed again, briefly. Lights flashed across the front of the machine and a length of tape was spat out of the far end into a wire basket. Gantzoﬀ picked it out and held it in front of Birkett; minute perforations ran zig-zag down it.

"Now I will place it in the interpreter."

Gantzoﬀ opened a panel in the front of the machine and Birkett saw a series of rollers resembling a miniature printing press; attached to them was a radio headset. Gantzoﬀ pulled over his typing stool, sat down and put on the headset. He inserted the tape in the rollers, flicked a switch and they began to engulf it. His brow showed the concentration with which he was listening. "A visit to Britain," he said finally, decisively. "You can fish in Scotland, and your wife will enjoy the social life in London."

A good solution, Birkett realized at once; he'd always wanted to go after those salmon trout.

Gantzoﬀ offered him the headset. A series of beeps of varying length and tone sped through his ears. Their music was wholly reassuring. His instinct had been sound as a bell; this was a true miracle of electronic science. "Tell me, Professor Gantzoﬀ," he said, "what are your terms?"

"For the computer and myself the monthly fee is five thousand dollars, with a contract for at least one year."

A decision that should be referred to the executive committee? In the face of this magnificent machine, Arnold Birkett knew himself a man of destiny, called on to exercise his personal authority for the higher good. "It's a deal, Gantzoﬀ," he said.

HIS BELIEF in the wisdom of his decision was strengthened by Nora's easy acceptance of their new vacation plans. "It sounds like a very intelligent machine to me, Arnold," she remarked. Yet he doubted whether she had really grasped its tremendous significance.

It was a tricky moving job but within two weeks of Birkett's visit to the Lachine plant the computer was installed in the executive committee room. There was no little speculation among the upper echelons about what the new device might portend. "Arnold's new plaything," was the way Bill Coburn, Vice-President—Research and Devel-

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"My machine is to make decisions for you," said Gantzoff. "Fake," muttered Coburn

opment, chose to describe it. Coburn was generally considered the corporation's most vigorous executive, full of ideas and ambition. Not a few of his associates on the way up had been left with a curious sensation between the shoulder blades. Yet the directors had passed him over in favor of Birkett for the presidency; they did not, it seemed, consider him a good enough committee man.

Birkett had decided not to talk till Gantzoff was ready. He then called a special meeting. "I wish to introduce to you," he said, "Professor Sigismund Gantzoff, formerly of the University of Temesvar and inventor of the Gantzoff Electronic Computer Mark IV. It has been my privilege to acquire his services for the benefit of our corporation." He nodded at Gantzoff who was standing beside the computer; they had become good friends in the past fortnight. "Over to you, Sigismund."

"Gentlemen, I am honored. Now I will tell you about my machine which is to make your decisions for you." The committee was attentively silent during the half hour of explanation, Coburn alone raising his eyebrows and rubbing his nose. When Gantzoff had finished Birkett said, "Thank you, Sigismund, that was very clear," and Gantzoff sat down on his typing stool. "Are there any questions?"

The six members of the committee, four vice-presidents, the treasurer and the comptroller, seemed stunned. Finally George Doughty cleared his throat. It was customary for Doughty to speak first, being the eldest vice-president. "It's a very interesting proposition, Arnold, very interesting indeed."

Birkett caught the ball. "It will put us far ahead of our competition, George. The committee will continue to identify problems, but each decision will be scientifically proven. I don't see how we can fail to sweep the national market, and we should improve our export position immensely."

"Yes, Arnold, you've certainly got a winner this time."

"Are we going to use the machine for board meetings too?" the treasurer asked.

"I don't think it will be necessary, Glyn. Once a decision has been reached in this room—"

"Very true, Arnold."

Coburn could contain himself no longer. He was a lean fair man with strong features, his speech was equally forceful. "Perhaps I'm unusually dense but I can't see how this contrivance is going to work at all."

"You will, Bill, you will." Coburn was always the doubter, the picker out of flaws in perfect plans. "I'm sure the committee as a whole is in favor of such a superb addition to our administrative inventory."

There was no further dissent and the meeting broke up immediately.

"It just can't work," Coburn insisted to Bob Sprott, the comptroller. "The thing's an obvious fake, and this Gantzoff—you only have to look at him to realize what a rogue he is."

"I don't know, Bill. We've just mechanized every phase of our billing operation. The new factory can be run by remote control. Provided we put each problem clearly, I don't see why the computer shouldn't make the decision. Its views would certainly be more logical than those of some members of the committee."

"It's ludicrous, Bob. But at least the board may learn what a pinhead they picked for president."

"Arnold hasn't made a false step yet."

FOR A MONTH Gantzoff attended each biweekly meeting. Then he announced that the computer was ready to go into action. The committee was debating whether to raise the new capital needed for expansion by bonds or a share issue, and when to do so. The machine said bonds immediately, and gave the terms on which they should be offered. Right after the issue was completed the government ordered a tightening up of bank credit; the treasurer reckoned the computer had saved the corporation close to a hundred thousand dollars. The second problem it dealt with was expansion in Latin America. The computer advised caution, and two quick revolutions seemed to prove its wisdom. Next it showed up several bugs in the initial construction plans for the 1958 models; they were subsequently acknowledged by Coburn's engineers.

"Well, what do you think now, Bill?" asked Sprott.



MACLEAN'S

"Just one thing. If I sit in any more meetings and hear Arnold say, 'I think it's time to put the question to the computer,' I shall go nuts. This business of leaving everything to the committee was bad enough, but at least you could get at them and drum some sense into them from time to time. With that machine making the decisions we're no more than a bunch of factory hands feeding components to an automatic assembly line."

And the more Coburn thought about the situation, the clearer it became to him that Birkett had introduced the computer for a single purpose—to serve in the defeat of Coburn; a guided missile that would bring Coburn down in flames. For Birkett, he was sure, was deathly afraid of him. And that led to just one conclusion. The computer had to fail. Just two or three times, that was all. Then Birkett would be hoist with his own electronic petard.

He could not manage the job alone but he did have a tame expert, an erratic electrical engineer with considerable brains but little application, whom he employed now and again as a consultant. And Frank Nixon, he recalled happily, was always short of cash.

He put the problem openly to Nixon. This machine was making his job impossible. Further, if it continued to be a success, Birkett would introduce similar machines in each department, and Nixon's own chances of future employment would be nil; the machines would do the thinking for everybody in Bedrock. But a little rearrangement, a run of bad decisions, and the menace would be shattered. The job was worth a couple of thousand.

Nixon, a tweedy individual who never stopped smoking a giant pipe, asked through the haze, "How does Gantzoff operate this thing?"

Coburn described the tape-feeding, the flashing lights, the interpretation.

At three o'clock on Saturday, Nixon arrived at Coburn's office. As a vice-president, Coburn had a key to the executive committee room. The dials and knobs of the computer sparkled in the sunshine.

"Very neat," Nixon commented. He studied the machine from various angles, then set to work removing the centre panel. It took twenty minutes of dexterous handling. Coburn's heart sank as he saw the tangle of wires and electronic devices, but Nixon merely inserted his nose and a flashlight. Then he managed to get his entire head beyond the first barrier of wires. And then, quite soon, Coburn heard a muffled call, "Help me out, will you?"

He enlarged the gap in the wires so that Nixon was able to ease himself through. "Well," he asked, "can you do it?"

Nixon shook his head, grinning broadly. "Not necessary," he said as he relit his pipe. "The whole thing's a fake."

"What!"

"There's no connection, electronic or otherwise, between the tape that goes in and the tape that comes out."

"Then—"

"Gantzoff himself has been making your decisions for you."

"But—"

"I could have told you from the beginning, but two thousand bucks is two thousand bucks—especially to a guy without a pension plan."

COBURN was not angry; the knowledge was worth so much more. And now he had the most satisfying task of deciding how to use it. He could go direct to Birkett and tell him that he had been swindled. But Birkett would surely find some way to cover up. He could go to one of the directors, the chairman. But that would not look

right. He had to arrange his denunciation in a way that would both discredit Birkett and underline Coburn's good faith. Birkett, defying his own rules, had made a personal decision when he hired Gantzoff. Coburn's line now was to set the president a good example, and put his knowledge before the executive committee—at its next meeting.

Everybody was there. Birkett rose and began, "Gentlemen, the first item on our agenda is a union proposal for obligatory coffee breaks. Let us begin to assemble the data—"

"Arnold, if you don't mind, I have a statement I'd like to make."

"Concerning this proposal?"

"No, concerning that contraption at the end of the room." The brutality of his description secured absolute attention; even George Doughty stopped doodling. "I think it's time this man Gantzoff gave up making the decisions of the executive committee of Bedrock Incorporated."

"What do you mean, Bill?"

"His computer is a fake. I had an electronics expert examine it over the week end, and he assured me there is

no connection between the tape Gantzoff feeds into it and the tape that comes out."

Birkett fought back at once. "That's impossible. The decisions made by the computer have been outstanding, scientifically sound within the most fractional tolerance. Sigismund, would you like to deal with Mr. Coburn's fantastic accusation?"

Gantzoff stood up from his typing stool, a tall man. His hair was well-trimmed now, his clothes were expensive, but his eyes and gestures were as wild as ever. "What Mr. Coburn says

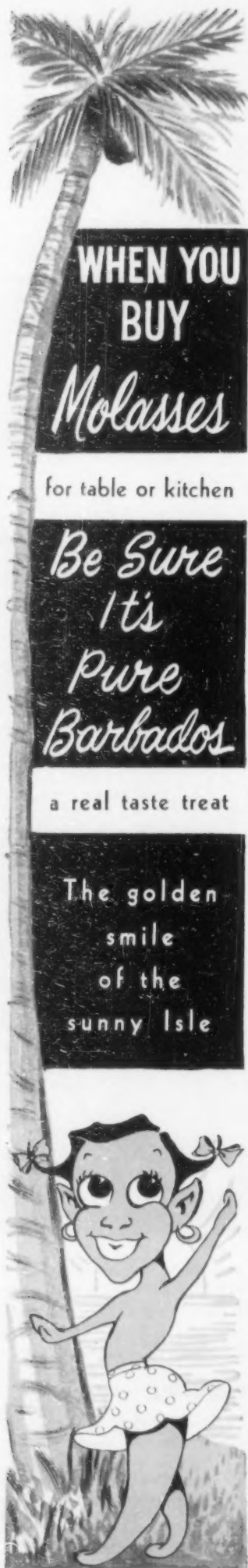


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is true. I have been making your decisions for you."

"Oh, no—" Birkett could say no more; nobody else spoke. Coburn saw the need for a little prompting. "I think we are entitled to some explanation, Gantzoff."

"If you wish." He stood in front of his machine, the committee facing him. "I am what you might call a business genius," he said. "For a long time after I left Europe I tried to persuade a Canadian or American company to give me the position my abilities merit. I was not successful. Perhaps I am not the kind of person your businessman finds it easy to trust. Perhaps he will always prefer the advice of a committee to that of an individual, however brilliant. In the end I came to realize that I had to take special steps. What I practiced on you, I am sure you will agree gentlemen, was an innocent little conjuring trick. And I trust you will judge my services by the end they achieved, not by the means I was forced to employ."

Arnold Birkett looked round at his associates, blank faces except for Coburn's great grin of triumph. Five minutes before he had been captain of a superb ship, sailing the ocean of management purposefully and majestically. Now a reef, uncharted, unimaginable, had ripped the hull apart. But one thing must be saved from the wreck—Gantzoff, the man who had proved a match for Bill Coburn, and who would surely appreciate his friend Arnold's support. Deeply distressed as he was, Birkett managed to talk coherently, convincingly. "This is a terrible shock," he said. "And I take the entire blame. I should never have entered into a contract with Professor Gantzoff without assuring myself of your approval. However, if we cannot have fully mechanized decisions we will return at once to the committee principle, the use of pooled judgment which has proven so effective in the past."

"Very sound, Arnold," George Doughty had found his voice.

"And our first decision must be—what to do with Sigismund Gantzoff."

"I shouldn't have thought there was much doubt about that," Coburn said. "Though I don't imagine you will wish to prosecute."

"Prosecute, Bill? What an idea! This committee has been twice as effective since Sigismund joined us. You might say that his fresh and inspired view of our problems has combined with the experience of our own people to create the ideal decision-making machinery. That's the way I like to look at things."

"I like it too, Arnold," said George Doughty.

"Surely the important thing to consider now is how to retain his services for Bedrock. Obviously we shall no longer need his equipment, but I see no reason why he should not become a member of the executive in his own right. With the title, say, of Assistant to the President."

"You can't do that, Arnold. The man's a common crook." Coburn was shouting in his anger. Gantzoff's pained reproachful eyes did not restrain him.

"He has given us value for money, Bill. And in any case this is a matter for the committee to decide. I have stated my opinion and you have stated yours. Does anyone else wish to speak?"

"I'm content to abide by your advice, Arnold," said George Doughty.

"That decision about the bond issue was masterly," said the treasurer.

"We're well out of those Latin American markets," commented the Vice-President—Sales. Neither of them had any fondness for Bill Coburn.

"Those decisions would have been made without Gantzoff," Coburn said loudly.

"The flaws he found were in your department's '58 models, Bill," Birkett reminded him. "Well, what do you say, gentlemen?"

Every head but one nodded acceptance.

Already Birkett was able to smile again. "Professor Gantzoff, I am happy to offer you the position of Assistant to the President of Bedrock Incorporated. Your salary, of course, will have to be reassessed in relation to the official scale for corporation officers."

There was no answering smile on Gantzoff's face.

"Well—in view of your special qualifications—a certain adjustment should be possible," Birkett added.

"No, Arnold, it is not that. It is—I will ask you a question. If I take this position you so kindly offer me, I shall serve as a member of this committee?"

"Yes, Sigismund."

"I shall have a voice as a member of the committee—and I must accept the decisions of the committee?"

"As we all do."

"I am sorry. It is not possible."

"I don't understand—"

"I am deeply grateful to you, Arnold, to the committee. But I am a man to make decisions by himself—to take my own responsibilities. That is my nature. So it is better I resign."

"If you'd like time to think things over—"

"No, no thank you. But please believe I have enjoyed working with you very much. And I wish you all great success in the future. My computer will be removed tomorrow."

It seemed that Gantzoff had something else to say but found difficulty expressing himself.

"Well, what is it?" Coburn asked harshly.

"There is a chance—just a chance of course—that another company may become interested in my computer. Say in Texas, or California. You have my word, of course, it will be a company in an entirely different line of business. I would only ask you—to please be discreet about the reasons for my leaving Bedrock."

It seemed to be the will of the committee to agree to this request. ★

How to get ahead

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

found myself at the head of the line—and at the specific request of the people who had been ahead of me. In the years since then I've had about seventeen or eighteen children, which ought to be a record of some kind or other.

But of course you don't always succeed in speeding things up like that. The other day I attempted to pull the maternity hospital gag again but unfortunately one of the men in the line had heard it before. "How's the one that was born last week doing?" he asked of me in stentorian tones.

Sometimes you just have to wait and wait but at least you can do something to divert yourself. As yet I haven't got up nerve enough to shave while waiting in line, chiefly because it takes too much equipment, but a few weeks ago I filed my nails. Several people glared at me for this but, on the other hand, three others apparently approved because they asked to borrow my file.

I've also found that I can pass away some time by reading a magazine while waiting. I prefer to read sitting down but beggars—or waiters—can't be choosers. Someone reads over your shoulder, makes a comment on the article, and a friendly conversation often results.

Another thing I do is practice dance steps and lately I have been trying to perfect my mambo. Of course restraint and control are necessary here with very short steps forward and backward in order to avoid bumping people, but I feel that I've mastered the knack. In fact if I can interest a publisher I might even write the Wait-In-Line Mambo. You know how well those things go nowadays.

As for waiting in line to get checked out at supermarkets, I don't care how many people are in front of me or how much food they've bought. I always purchase oranges, so I'm never idle while I wait. So far I can only juggle three oranges at once but I'm improving all the time. One of these days you might even see me on a TV spectacular. ★



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London Letter Continued from page 7

"Who gives Buchman the money? How is it spent?"

movement. It seems to many of us that Buchmanism rules out the intellect and appeals purely to the spirit. By contrast consider the genius, the inspiration and the realism of the Sermon on the Mount. Christ gave humanity the greatest political program of all time. It appealed to the spirit but, even more, it appealed to the mind.

To the extent that mankind has followed those teachings it has progressed. To the extent that it has failed or rejected them it has suffered.

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the Buchmanites, just as there is no reason to deny that their work in Africa has been helpful. But the approach to the people of the West must be on a different level.

Let me give you an example of the oversimplification of the Buchmanite appeal. A very nice Canadian woman who is one of their permanent adherents called on me last spring and we chatted together on the terrace of the House of Commons. We got talking about her duties and her leisure at Caux and she informed me that there were two cinemas in the town.

Just to make conversation I asked her which cinema she would attend if she had a day off. Her perfectly sincere reply was that God would guide her.

Surely such an attitude is the very abdication of human dignity. To bring divine guidance into the choosing of one film from another is the climax of absurdity. We were given wisdom, judgment, taste, common sense and will power. To deny these things is to come down to the intellectual level of the jungle with its superstitions and voodoo worship.

It is, however, in the realm of industrial relations that the Buchmanites are conducting their strongest campaign. And here they are putting forward a philosophy and a gospel that cannot be set aside by the cynic nor the satirist.

Their argument is that nothing but mutual confidence between employers and workers can prevent the eventual triumph of Communism. And from that point they argue that mutual confidence can only be obtained by mutual respect. It is all very well to scoff at these truisms and to say that they are the usual platitudes of the privileged classes, but there will never be good relations in industry until that idea takes root in the brain and the soul of employer and employee.

In fact the Buchmanites oppose the brutal regimentation of Communism with a philosophy of good work achieved in an atmosphere of mutual respect and mutual self-interest. Nor is there any element of dishonesty in that view. They believe that the capitalist system, despite its defects, is the only economic philosophy under which there can be partnership instead of dictatorship.

Nearly all of us share that view. Admittedly capitalism sustains a state of society in which there are great inequalities but no barrier is raised against talent or tenacity. In an imperfect world capitalism is showing an ever-increasing sense of responsibility and realism. And if the cynic argues that capitalism has no alternative but to bow to the inevitable I would answer that history's pages are crowded with disasters and wars that came from the refusal of kings and dictators to do just that thing.

What then are the criticisms leveled

against Dr. Buchman and his movement? One of the principal points raised by his detractors is the nonpublication of accounts showing income and expenditure. Where does the money come from and how is it spent? Dr. Buchman could reply that he makes no public appeal for funds and is therefore not called upon to account for expenditure.

Despite that reasonable answer it might be argued that undoubtedly much of the fund must come from irrevocable deeds of covenant which do not come under taxation. Therefore the gift is really from the pockets of the taxpayers who have to make up the deficit caused by the deeds of covenant. At best it is a legal point and I do not share the righteous wrath that some of my friends exhibit.

Nevertheless it is a weak point in the Buchmanite armor. They would lose nothing by complete candor.

Finally there is the charge that in the early days of the movement some of the younger members displayed qualities similar to the early development of the Nazis. In fact I recall when, as editor of the Sunday Express, I published a criticism of the Buchmanite methods. They were at Oxford at the time—in fact their other title was The Oxford Group—and they bought up every copy of the Sunday Express before the copies could reach the public of that ancient university town. What is more, I received a peremptory telephone call warning me not to publish what I had written.

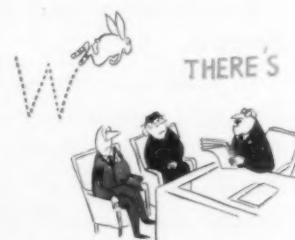
Therefore the resentment toward the movement had some justification. Nevertheless (at least this is my opinion) newspapers should not ban news and comment or any matter of public interest. Newspapers should apply to themselves the old defiance: "Publish and be damned!" ★

PETER WHALLEY'S

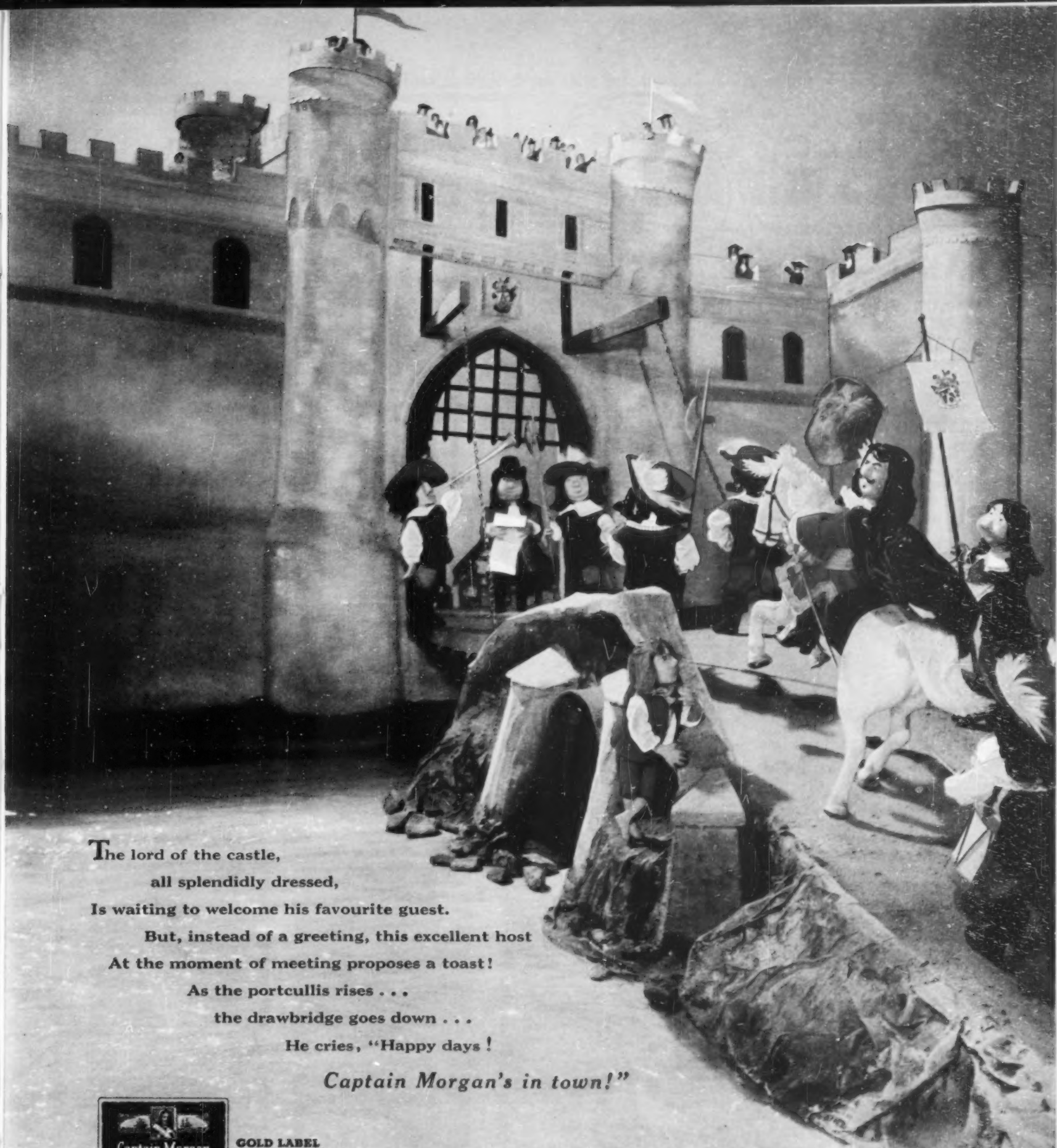
Silly Saws

Can you guess the famous saying that is concealed in these drawings? It's as familiar as "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Check your answer below.



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WHARE THERE'S A WILL



The lord of the castle,
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whole family by
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**What do these ten men
have in common? ANSWER ON PAGE 61**



Poet

Francis R. Scott, professor of
law, McGill University, Montreal.



Industrialist

Henry Borden, president, Brazil-
ian Traction, Light & Power Co.



Neurologist

Dr. Wilder Penfield, director,
Montreal Neurological Institute.



Journalist

J. B. McGeachy, editorial writer
for the Toronto Globe and Mail.



Politician

E. B. Joliffe, lawyer and former
leader of the Ontario CCF Party.



Executive

Alan Jarvis, director, the Na-
tional Gallery of Canada, Ottawa.



Banker

James Elliott Coyne, governor
of the Bank of Canada, Ottawa.



Sportsman

Clarence S. Campbell, president
of the National Hockey League.



Novelist

Hugh MacLennan, author of Two
Solitudes and Each Man's Son.



Cabinet minister

The Hon. James Sinclair MP.,
federal minister of fisheries.

Can you live to be 100?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

shape, free of organic disease. He attributed his death to "mere plethora brought on by luxurious living."

Parr's remarkable record of longevity has its modern counterparts. The people of the Sukhan district in the Ukraine are known for their ability to live long. In 1939 a group of scientists from the Ukraine Academy of Sciences discovered a dozen men between the ages of 107 and 135. They were remarkably agile; some climbed trees supporting grapevines to get their visitors the finest grapes. One wiry bearded gentleman of 107 stubbornly insisted that he was only 70. Later he confessed, "I lied because I wanted to get married again. Anyone will marry a man of 70, but who wants a man of 107?"

The fact that some people can live to be well over a hundred gives rise to two basic questions about longevity—neither of which has ever been answered. The first is, "What is man's natural span of life?" In seeking the answer scientists have compared man to the animal. It has been observed that most species of animals live six times as long as it takes them to grow to physical maturity. Since man continues to grow until his twenty-fifth birthday, he should live to be a hundred and fifty years old, under this theory.

The second question is even more provoking: "Is it inevitable that man die of old age?" Fifty years ago Dr. Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, wrote a classic work entitled *The Prolongation of Life*, in which he spelled out in detail this still-unanswered question. "Science knows very little about death," he wrote. "Men die of disease, accidents and the ravages of an unhealthy environment, but do they ever die of old age? In fact, does natural death ever occur?"

If it does it isn't mentioned in Canada's vital statistics. They show that 126,570 Canadians died during 1955 due to an assortment of one hundred and fifty kinds of diseases and accidents. "Old age" is not listed as a cause of death. If diseases and accidents do not intervene is the human body durable enough to go on functioning for one or two hundred years? Or even longer?

There is some evidence it is. The essential substance of the cells of all living matter is protoplasm. And there is no evidence that protoplasm ever wears out. The giant sequoia trees of California, for example, are said to be two thousand years old. Trees on the Canary Islands are said to be much older. These trees will ultimately die but it will not be a "natural death." They will be ravaged by storms, disease or by man.

There is evidence that animal tissue, also, can go on living virtually forever. In 1912 Dr. Alexis Carrel placed a small piece of the heart of an embryo chicken in a nourishing fluid. The fluid was regularly freshened up. Thirty-six years later—many times the life of the average chicken—descendants of the same cells were still thriving. Carrel ended his experiment, satisfied that the tissue would survive indefinitely if given the proper care. The lesson to be learned from the "immortality" of trees and animal tissue under experimental conditions is that protoplasm is remarkably durable. Evidently we do not grow old and die because the essential substance of our body "wears out."

Why is it, then, that most of us are old at seventy? What, exactly, triggers

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off the ageing process? Why are some people worn and withered at fifty, while others are spry at eighty? The gerontologist admits he can't answer these questions satisfactorily. However, research has cast some light—dim as yet—on the mystery of longevity.

In the first place, we seem to inherit our span of life from our parents. (Naturally, this life expectancy can rise or fall depending on the way we live.) When asked for advice on how to live long, Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "Before you are born, advertise for parents who had parents who were long-lived." The 152-year-old Thomas Parr had a son who lived to be 127. Dr. Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins University, examined the death certificates of the parents of 365 nonagenarians. They had lived an average of fifteen years longer than the parents of a similar-sized group who mostly died before ninety. Alexander Graham Bell, who was an amateur geneticist, recorded the death dates of one hundred and eighty-four members of the Hyde family whose parents had reached eighty. They averaged 53 years at death. One hundred and twenty-seven other Hydes, whose parents died before 60, had an average life of only 33 years. Examination of hundreds of thousands of insurance policyholders seems to prove that long-lived ancestors have long-lived descendants.

"To be fat is to be old"

Another important factor in ageing is evidently diet, confirming the observation made by Lord Bacon over three hundred years ago that "diet, well-ordered, bears the great part in the prolongation of life." At the Westminster, the DVA hospital in London, Ont., Dr. J. A. F. Stevenson and his colleagues have been studying the food left on the trays by elderly patients, and it has been found that these patients discard one third of their protein food. At the Sunnybrook DVA hospital, in Toronto, the chief of medical service, Dr. Ian Macdonald, has noticed that ageing people whose health is declining tend to eat bread and potatoes, rejecting foods full of minerals and vitamins. "This sort of diet," says Macdonald, "hastens deterioration."

Experiments have shown that a nutrient-rich diet is as important to the old as it is to the young. Large quantities of calcium and phosphorus are required by old people because their bodies are less efficient in absorbing these minerals, and without them their bones become brittle, increasing the danger of fractures which can have a demoralizing effect on their general health.

The necessity of sufficient vitamins is pointed up on several sides. Laboratory experiments, for instance, show that animals given four times the normal Vitamin A requirement increase their life span by ten percent. And in a large-scale survey conducted in England by the University of Sheffield and the Ministry of Health it was found that practically all the people over sixty classified as vigorous and medically fit were getting a diet rich in vitamins, minerals and proteins.

Most people know that overeating shortens life. The French saying that "to be fat is to be old" is physiologically true. Obesity throws an added burden on the heart, blood vessels and kidneys, and this results in early deterioration. This fact has been repeatedly emphasized by insurance companies. Under-eating—provided it is not carried to dangerous lengths—prolongs life. In a laboratory experiment one group of rats were denied food every other day;

a second group were allowed to eat all they wanted every day. The underfed animals lived much longer. Luigo Cornaro, a sixteenth-century Italian, made use of this principle to live to be a hundred. A weak and scrawny child, he began at the age of sixteen to restrict himself to twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of wine a day. Almost to the day of his death he climbed mountains, rode horseback and wrote naughty vaudeville skits.

DVA scientists are interested in eating habits because there appears to be a relationship between diet and the chief killer of man—arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries. In this condition the arteries become thick, stiffened and the inner walls lined with a coating of calcium. Sometimes the vessels clog or crack and the person suffers a stroke. More often the heart overworks, trying to force blood through the narrowed arteries, and is damaged. Constricted vessels sometimes prevent organs and tissues from getting enough blood. Dr. A. H. Neufeld of Montreal, DVA's senior consultant in biochemistry, speculates, "Perhaps old age is simply caused by an insufficient amount of blood being circulated throughout the body. A constant supply of fresh blood is needed for nourishment and to carry away waste."

Here is where diet comes in. At DVA's Ultracentrifuge Laboratory at McGill University, it has been demonstrated that patients with arteriosclerosis have an above-average amount of fat (cholesterol) in their blood; the worse the disease, the more fat. Yet, in many cases, the fat content in the patient's blood can be varied. If he's put on a rich oily diet, it goes up; on a fat-poor diet it goes down. But DVA scientists are finding exciting, more efficient ways of keeping the cholesterol content down. Neufeld has been giving some of the patients "plant steroids"—an extract made from the soybean. He has noticed that after six weeks of treatment their blood fat content has dropped. When the drug is discontinued for a week, the fat content goes up again.

The significance of the experiment is this: by analyzing blood for fat content in the centrifuge machine it may be possible to find evidence of arteriosclerosis long before the clinical symptoms appear. Then, by the use of drugs and diet, the disease can be delayed or slowed down.

Of all the known facts about longevity perhaps the most intriguing is that women are more durable than men. The average Canadian woman has a life expectancy five years longer than that of a man. What accounts for the difference? Dr. Kenneth Walker, an English gerontologist, has speculated that "nature has endowed women with a special reserve of strength and vigor to carry on the work of continuing the race."

However, in spite of woman's slightly greater durability, she undergoes with man what scientists refer to as "the ageing process." Precise knowledge about many aspects of this process is lacking, but as nearly as can be presently determined, here's what happens:

The human body is made up of cells. The cells are constantly dying and being replaced. In infancy and youth more cells are born than die—therefore the body grows. During maturity,

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when the cell birth and death rates are the same, the body remains constant. Later in life, when the cells die faster than they are replaced, old age, or "senescence," sets in. Healing and repairing take longer, while the body actually shrinks in size. A man of seventy may be five full inches shorter than when he was forty. His bones may shrink and this shrinkage will, in turn, change his posture, increasing the decline in height. The muscles become smaller and weaker. "The older person's batteries take longer to re-charge," says Dr. Macdonald, of Toronto's Sunnybrook hospital, "and they have to be charged more often."

The ageing process differs in rate from person to person. It differs in the mental and physical spheres. And it differs too in the organs and tissues in the same body. Just why senescence takes place is not known. There are two main theories. One says that we become "worn out" because of the wear and tear of living; the other claims that we "rust out"—the organs of the body atrophy because of disuse. Neither theory has been proven, although there is probably some truth in both of them.

The gerontologist believes that man can live far beyond seventy because he knows how durable the body is. When it fails, it is usually due to accident, infection or arteriosclerosis—not to the lack of intrinsic ruggedness. The eye is a case in point. Subtle changes begin to take place at ten years of age when the lens becomes less elastic. As the years wear on the field of vision narrows, the ability to match colors and estimate distances diminishes. However, the eye itself can easily survive the rigors of the average life. When serious trouble strikes—such as atrophy of the optic nerve—local arteriosclerosis is likely the cause.

The stomach is another hardy organ

that could probably serve for a hundred years without difficulty. "The digestive system wears well with age," says Dr. John Zubek, a DVA researcher who heads the psychology department of the University of Manitoba. At about twenty the quantity and strength of digestive juices begin to fall off. This leads to digestive complaints. There are, however, actually few deaths from a general breakdown of the digestive system.

The liver, if not attacked by disease, has a potential long-life span. As for the kidneys, they are frequently the cause of illness after forty but the disorders are suspected to be linked with the deterioration of the blood vessels. Because of their importance, Dr. Gilbert Rosenberg, of the Queen Mary Veterans' Hospital in Montreal, has carefully plotted the ageing process of the lungs. After fifty, they show a decrease in size and weight; the tissue becomes less elastic and flexible; their capacity drops. Because of changes in the bone and muscle of the chest, the lungs' ability to expand and contract is limited. But here again, when the aged suffer pulmonary disorders, it's largely the fault of a damaged heart and blood vessels which don't distribute enough blood to the respiratory system.

The endocrine glands—the ones that produce internal secretions of hormones—undoubtedly change with age. But how and why they change and exactly what role these changes play in the ageing process is still not clear. We know something about the sex glands: a woman is capable of producing offspring from the time she menstruates at 12 until she experiences the menopause at about 48; the male produces sperm from the approximate ages of 14 to 65, although he may continue to be sexually active for many years after.

It is in the remaining glands of the

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endocrine system—such as the thyroid, adrenal and pituitary—that the gerontologist is seeking many of the answers about ageing. These glands have the important job of *homeostasis*—maintaining the body at the correct temperature, keeping its fluids at the precise stage of chemical balance. If a person is subject to unusual strain, such as worry, infection or an accident, the endocrine glands work overtime to meet this emergency and restore his body to normalcy. As we grow older, this defensive network seems to work less efficiently. Thus older people can't stand excessive heat or cold. Their wounds repair less quickly: a wound that would heal on a boy of ten in a week, would take over a month to heal on a man of sixty.

At the Queen Mary Veterans' Hospital, Rosenberg has been paying particular attention to the thyroid gland—the one that controls the rate at which the body burns up energy. He chose the thyroid because he noticed that even young patients with a deficiency of thyroid hormone show symptoms similar to ageing—weakness, skin changes, loss of hair and lowered metabolism. By using radioactive tracers, Rosenberg has been able to show how age drastically cuts down on the hormone output of the thyroid. However, he is not at all sure that the basic cause is the structural weakness of the thyroid gland itself. What actually happens, he believes, is that the thyroid gland slackens off its activity and atrophies. In other words, it doesn't "wear out," but "rusts out."

Can the glands be stimulated and the body thus rejuvenated by the use of hormonal extracts? It is true that doctors today frequently use such substances as estrogen, testosterone and thyroid. But they are used as a medication in certain conditions, not

as an answer to ageing. Physicians warn against overstimulating the glands; it can be downright dangerous. The failure of the gland to function properly is apparently only a symptom—not the cause of ageing. And doctors always treat primary causes, not symptoms.

Twentieth-century panaceas for recapturing youth have been more sophisticated than the elixirs of old. About sixty years ago Brown-Séquard, a French scientist of seventy, found himself too weak to continue his research. He theorized that his youth could be prolonged by encouraging sexual vigor. Working in his own laboratory, he prepared an extract of dog testes and injected it in himself. "It made me feel twenty years younger," he later testified. His enthusiasm was not shared by others who tried it. In the 1920s the "rejuvenation operation" enjoyed wide popularity and made its discoverer, Dr. Serge Voronoff, a Russian exile living in Paris, both famous and wealthy. Voronoff transplanted monkey sex glands into human beings. The long-term results were not particularly successful. About the same time a Viennese physiologist, Dr. Eugen Steinach, introduced another surgical short cut to youth. He cut and tied off the small tubes in man that carry the sperm from the testicles. He theorized that the testicles would now be relieved of their external function (producing semen) and concentrate on their other function—manufacturing internal sex hormones that would increase sex vigor and energy. Of several hundred men who underwent the operation only a small proportion believed that they had benefited.

Perhaps the best-known modern "rejuvenator" was the Russian Alexander Bogomolets, director of the Kiev Institute of Experimental Biology and Pathology. To Bogomolets, old age



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was a disease that could be treated like any other disease. "A man of seventy is still young," he wrote in the 1930s, "and could live to be one hundred and fifty. There is no reason to consider even this figure as the limit." The Russian's secret weapon against old age was ACS, a serum manufactured from human spleen and bone marrow. He claimed ACS revitalized the connective tissue, prevented arteriosclerosis, helped heal broken bones and prevented cancer. After World War II, North American scientists who tested ACS found it without value. They were not surprised that Bogomolets himself died shortly after his sixty-fifth birthday, even though he had access to an unlimited supply of his serum. His most famous patient, Joseph Stalin, fared little better.

Like the endocrine system, the brain and nervous system undergo changes in old age, many of which still puzzle the gerontologist. The seventy-eight-year-old brain, for instance, shows certain structural changes—thickness, calcification and the actual disappearance of some tissue. But are these the "normal" results of ageing? Or are they the end product of infection and/or a disturbed blood supply? A lively scientific controversy rages about this. It has been pointed out that Dr. Harvey found Thomas Parr's 152-year-old brain "healthy, firm and hard to touch." The same observation has been made about the brains of other long-lived, healthy people. Thus the inference is that the brain could "live" virtually intact for a hundred years or more were it not for damage inflicted upon it.

Are you ever too old to learn?

However, most of us are less hardy than old Thomas Parr and our senses and intellect seem to start to decline quite early. The sense of smell begins falling off in early childhood at the rate of about one percent a year. A man of 70 is, therefore, left with only one third of his original sense of smell. John Zubek, of the University of Manitoba, who is testing sensitivity to taste in various age groups, finds that there is a sharp decline in this power at about age 50. At maturity the average person has 208 taste buds; after 75 the number has dropped to 88. This taste loss—added to the loss in sense of smell—explains in part why older people find food less appetizing.

Assessing the decline in intelligence and mental prowess that comes with age is a little trickier. A review of all the studies done in this field seems to show that at 22 man reaches his highest speed and rate of learning. There's a marked decline after 40; by the time he's 80 his rate of learning is the same as it was when he was 12.

But DVA researchers, after carefully scrutinizing these results, are coming up with something more encouraging. Dr. J. M. Blackburn, for example, head of the psychology department at Queen's University, who has been working with aged people in Kingston, Ont. He has concluded that it's wrong to blame the lower scores made in formal tests by older people on decay of the brain. "Tests often entail pencil work—something the older people may not have done for years. Then their scores are compared to those

of school children who are well versed in pencil work," he says. After giving his group of aged subjects the benefit of four practice tests, he noted that their results steadily went up. He found that the question of motivation was also important: when he offered a cash prize for oldsters who would improve their scores, they zoomed up. Blackburn discovered other factors responsible for the lower scores of older people—none of them attributable to mental feebleness: the small type in which the tests are printed, unfamiliar materials, words and concepts.

Dr. Zubek agrees with Blackburn. He is critical of "showing that the general intelligence and intellectual ability declines with age and then expressing it in one score." There are many kinds of mental ability—reasoning, critical thinking, judgment, verbal fluency, comprehension and so on. In a practical workaday situation the older person may be much more valuable than a younger one because he possesses these skills in a larger measure.

Prof. John Morgan, a University of Toronto authority on the aged, comments, "Most research tells you about the incapacity of the aged, not their capacity. What we really want to know is what the person of over sixty-five can offer the community." For many years Morgan has insisted that you can best prevent ageing by keeping people at work. But it must be useful work—work valued by those who do it and by the community. Idleness, brooding, self-pity, hopelessness, apathy—these are the real catalysts of decay.

Rehabilitation studies among war veterans underscore the need of creative and useful work. Dr. Jonathan Meakins, a senior DVA medical consultant in Montreal, says, "Of every ten unemployable veterans, seven are unemployable wholly or partially because of psychological reasons." To help unemployable veterans past fifty get back on their feet, DVA has set up assessment and rehabilitation boards. These boards consist of experts in physical and psychological medicine. They carefully weigh a man's strengths and weaknesses and then prescribe a rehabilitation program.

DVA researchers have a growing feeling that many people are being "made" old by their well-meaning families: they are encouraged to "rust out" rather than "wear out." These researchers hope to show the exact manner in which older people are being "killed" by kindness. However, this phase of the research—as well as many others—won't be completed for several years. In the meantime there are three good reasons for believing that in the future the hundred-year life will no longer be uncommon:

First, clinical and experimental evidence show that the organs and tissues of the body are tough enough to wear for a century or more, if not damaged by disease.

Secondly, disease, in turn, is slowly being conquered by public health measures, new drugs, new surgical procedures and discoveries in nutrition.

Lastly, the gerontologist has come up with a prescription for longevity: a good diet; regular physical, social and mental exercise; a serenity of spirit which precludes too much worry or aggravation; proper rest; regular medical checkups; and, finally, creative and useful interests carried on until the end of life.

All of this should enable millions of people in the future to pass the hundred-year mark—a life span that most of us would be contented with. "Beyond that," says the distinguished American gerontologist Edward J. Stieglitz, "life is apt to get tedious and repetitious." ★



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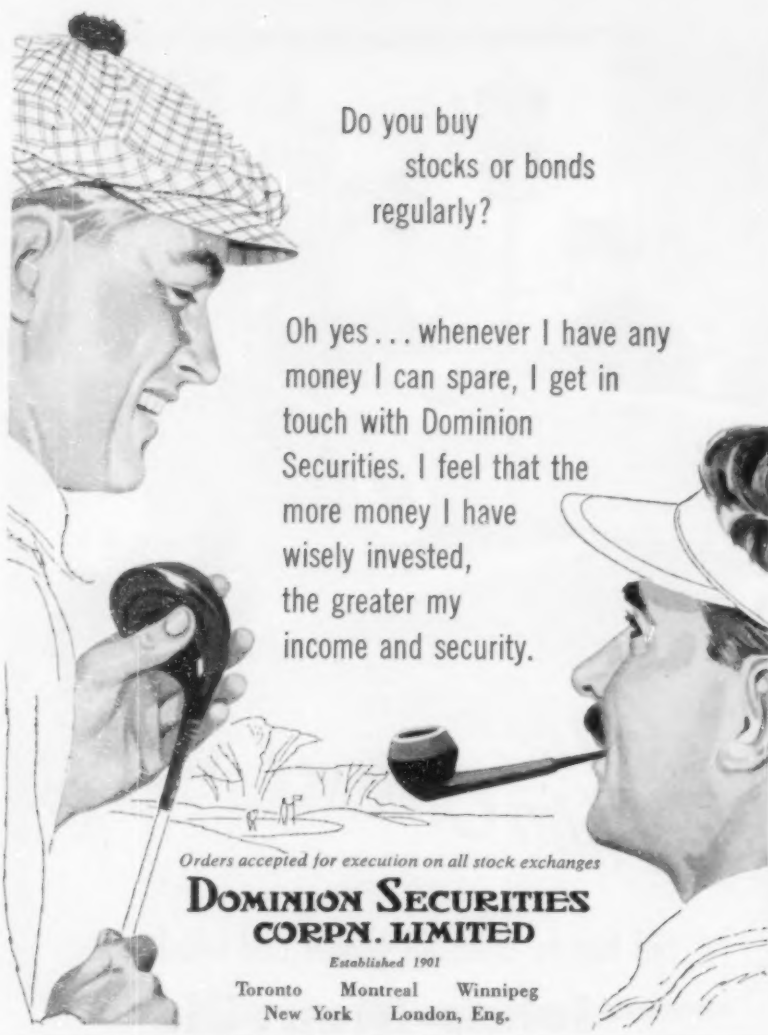
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ANSWER
to quiz on page 56

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Continued from page 27

**"The fire advanced in a rapid terrifying march.
Trees trembled and men fought on"**

fought and conquered before this one was finally extinguished.

MIDNIGHT

The planes had shuttled back and forth until darkness fell, air-lifting ninety-seven men and twenty thousand pounds of equipment. By now the flames covered five square miles. The smoke was a huge pink cloud easily seen in Chapleau; the fire advanced to the east in a rapid terrifying march, eating up forest in four- and five-acre gobs with every puff of wind. The updraft shook the trees. They trembled like sacrificial beings in the last moment of life. The men fought on. Nobody gave any thought to bedding down and resting for the dawn.

7.15 A.M. SECOND DAY

All night the wind had come from the southwest, freshening steadily. The first crew to arrive had been battling nearly nineteen hours. They hadn't expected it to be any other way. Men, equipment and food are given air priority when a fire starts. Often, a day or more elapses before space can be found for luxuries like tents and blankets. But there is more than exhaustion and discomfort at a forest fire. A man can be in peril of his life.

With two camps set up on Admiral Lake, a third was set up at Busby Lake, three miles to the northeast. Meanwhile the wind had veered more to the south. The seventeen men at the Busby camp had scarcely got their hose lines coupled when the fire abruptly swung north, and bore directly down on them. Two planes answered their radioed distress call and took them out in three trips. The men awaiting the last plane were standing waist-deep in water when the craft arrived, as flames danced angrily at the water's edge.

8.30 A.M.

Relays of planes, flying low, could be seen along the northern limits of the fire, dropping small "bombs"—paper bags filled with water—which burst in little puffs of steam among the flaming trees. It was not a decisive attack, but after three hours of continuous bombing the fire along that sector had been noticeably subdued.

These bombs are made of kraft paper, and each holds two and a half gallons of water. Twenty-four are loaded into a plane at one time. A bombing run is made at an elevation of two hundred feet, with the plane throttled back to eighty miles an hour.

Dropping little bags of water on a raging bush fire sounds ineffectual, and when this method of attack was suggested in 1952 experienced fire fighters scoffed, "Might as well spit on it!" But it was a new idea, so it was tried—and has been used ever since. It is successful in checking small fires until bush crews reach the spot, and in slowing down large blazes. On one dramatic occasion lightning started a half-acre fire on a hill in Calais township, near Chapleau. Flames were licking their way forward three miles from the nearest water on which a plane carrying men and equipment could land. A Beaver aircraft went to the attack with

water bombs. Five flights and one hundred and twenty bombs later the fire was out. One hundred direct hits had done the job.

1 P.M.

Eleven planes were still shuttling to the fire. An additional two hundred men and twenty thousand pounds of equipment had been hauled in. Swirling smoke concealed the men on the ground; water bombing became dangerous and was abandoned.

The fire fighters were split into units of ten men and a fire boss each. Nearly all were experienced woodsmen, loggers, trappers and Indians, at home in the wilderness. The fire bosses checked each man's working hours and arranged his eating and sleeping periods. They also directed the battle on their sectors. Each unit operated two pumps and fifteen hundred feet of hose.

Payment for fire fighters who are not regular department employees runs from sixty-five to ninety-five cents an hour. The men must be tough, ready to face a twenty-four-hour working day at times. They must get used to working, eating and sleeping in sweat-soaked clothes for a week or two at a time. Advancing into newly burned areas is to be in a perpetual fog of wood smoke which clogs the lungs and sears the eyes. Burned and blistered feet can be caused by alternately sloshing around in water and working ankle-deep in wood ash; the water releases the lye in the ash and it works through boot seams and socks.

3 P.M.

Lloyd lookout tower, directly east of the fire, on Sharp Hoof Lake, had to be abandoned. As a rescue plane touched the water the fire was laying down a crowning barrage from across the long narrow lake. With the few possessions they could carry, ranger Milton Sullivan and his wife climbed into the plane. Suddenly a downdraft smothered the plane and lake in heavy smoke. The pilot groped slowly down the lake for half a mile. The haze was thinner here. The pilot gunned the plane into the air. As they circled back over the tower the Sullivans looked down, white-faced, on their now-flaming cabin at the tower's base.

8 P.M.

Three hundred men and more than sixty thousand pounds of equipment were now deployed in the fire area. The front stretched for fifteen miles along the northern edge of the fire. Pumps were placed in every lake, river and creek along that front, their chugging providing a stubborn undertone to the roaring flames. But the forest was going up like cured hay. The line was gradually forced farther north until an area four miles wide and more than fifteen miles long had been devoured.

Fighting a forest fire is like fighting any big fire, but on a much larger scale. In Ontario's bushland the fire stations are fifty-one divisional depots scattered throughout the province. Planes are based at twenty-seven of them. At each depot is a supply of hoses, pumps,

boats, axes and shovels. Depots on roads have fire trucks; those on rail lines have tank cars.

Once a fire is spotted a report is radioed to the nearest district forester, who is in charge from then on. Each district forester has a deputy and a forest protection supervisor at the district office, while two or more divisions of the district are each supervised by a chief forest ranger. If a fire is too much for the first crew sent in, others from neighboring divisions are called in to help. When a fire gets beyond the capacities of a district force, men and equipment from other districts may be thrown in by the regional forester. There are seven regional foresters in the province, each one in charge of two or more districts.

The fire fighter anywhere has one big weapon—water. But to deliver its full punch the firemen of the forest have worked out new wrinkles. Water bombing is one of the most spectacular. Laying a hose line by helicopter is another. Last spring many U.S. papers played up a photo of a helicopter laying a line during a forest fire in California. It was described as something new, an example of American know-how. The fact was, helicopters were laying hose lines in Ontario in 1953.

Nearly all the tricks and gadgets used by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests have been dreamed up by staff members who are offered rewards for good ideas. Suggestions are tested by a corps of experts at the department's research bureau at Maple, a few miles north of Toronto. Out of this testing station has come such things as a small caterpillar tractor that can carry six hundred and fifty pounds through the bush, guided by one man, like a lawn mower. The whole thing can be taken apart in eight minutes, the parts tossed into a plane and flown off to another fire front.

Department experts were also responsible for many of the ideas that went into the design of the original Beaver and Otter planes, the agile pack horses so valuable in hauling men and equipment into fire areas. By their ability to make short take-offs and landings these planes make it possible for crews to reach twenty percent more fires than could formerly be reached by air.

8 A.M. THIRD DAY

Another hot dry day. Bright yellow Beavers and Otters droned back and forth from half a dozen bases, bringing in more men, more pumps, more hose lines. Fifteen men with all needed food and equipment were being decanted every hour on the edge of the fire.

3 P.M.

Rain reported falling a hundred miles to the south—and the wind was from the southwest! Even if the rain did not reach the fire area, it would help increase the relative humidity throughout the district, and in turn slow down the rate of the fire's spread.

8 P.M.

Though rain might be on its way there could be no easing off of the battle. Five hundred men were now in the lines. Their fight was beginning to have an effect. The previous day, the fire had raged north for four miles and ripped more than fifteen miles east where no attempt could be made to check it. It ate another five miles east on the third day, but on the northern front it was held to a gain of only one mile—the farthest point in that direction it was ever to reach.

A million dollars worth of timber was going up in smoke at Admiral Lake. The fire crews couldn't stop to



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think of the commercial loss, but as they sweated forward they could see grim evidence of the wild life destruction. Bears, deer and moose could usually outrun the flames and swim to safety across rivers and lakes, but many other animals and birds died in the blaze. Rabbits, reluctant to take to water, skipped madly up and down the shore as smoke rose from their fur, then dropped and were cremated alive. Birds remained on their nests until the flames reached them, quietly accepting death rather than violate the instinct of protection. Some rose above the

trees at the last moment, but too late. Their plumage already scorched and smoking, they fell back into the flames. Seeing these things, men angrily ask, "Who started this—how did it start?" All fires are investigated and evidence satisfactory to the department is generally discovered. But it isn't always the kind of evidence that will stand up in court. Last year there were nearly twenty-three hundred forest fires in Ontario. In only one hundred and four cases did the department feel that it had sufficiently strong evidence to make arrests. Of that number charged,

ninety-six were eventually convicted. Who started the Admiral Lake fire? The department thinks it knows who, and how—campfire carelessness. But suspicions are no good in court, so no charges have been laid. Most forest fires are caused by human carelessness. Lightning causes some. Freak accidents start others. A tower watcher glanced down to see a wisp of smoke rising at the very base of his tower. He scrambled down and found that an empty bottle had focused the sun's rays on the dry ground litter, setting it aflame.

When twelve fires were started in the Algoma district along a railway right-of-way, a ranger was sent to the railway yards to inspect the rolling stock. In a newly arrived locomotive he found a defective fire box with a hole in it four inches in diameter. On every curve the engine had rolled, spilling live coals into the brush beside the tracks. The railway paid the cost of putting out all twelve fires.

A truckload of lime overturned near Geraldton, in the Lake Nipigon district. Water in the ditch slaked the lime, generating enough heat to start a fifty-acre fire.

A well-intentioned school teacher in the north country took his class into the woods to show how a campfire should be extinguished. The demonstration was a success, the fire thoroughly doused. Then, thoughtlessly flicking a cigarette butt into the underbrush, he led his class back to town. It cost six hundred dollars to put out the five-acre fire that resulted.

And there are always incendiary fires. Firebugs may set some, but most of these fires are started in lean times by men anxious to pick up a few dollars by helping to put them out.

6 A.M. FOURTH DAY

During the night the temperature fell twenty-eight degrees, to thirty-seven. Two light drizzles, which wouldn't have discouraged a Sunday school picnic, did the work of a thousand men. The fire was not out; it wasn't even contained. But it had become manageable. From here on, man was to be the boss.

8 A.M. EIGHTH DAY

By now an estimated eighty miles of fire line had been set up, and the fire was officially reported as "being held." It could not break out of its twenty-by-five-mile area as long as the fire lines were kept at full strength. But it was still burning fiercely, a potential menace to the rest of the forest.

JUNE 25 THIRTY-SEVENTH DAY

The fire was now declared to be "under control."

JUNE 29 FORTY-FIRST DAY

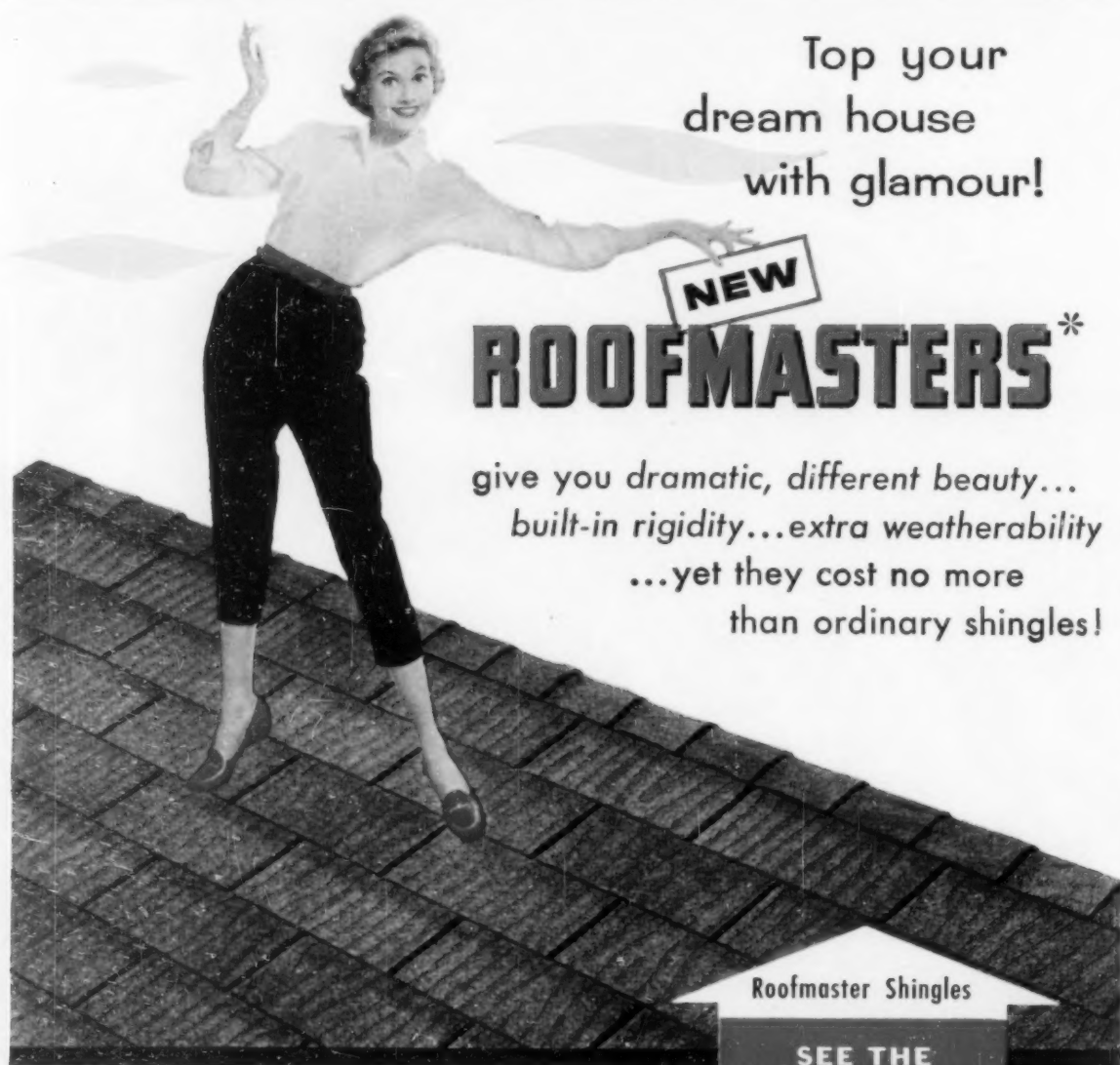
Fire now being patrolled. Scores of small "smokes" were still rising from the burned area, but the crews were mopping up. Between fifty and a hundred men were kept on patrol, putting out as many as twenty-five small fires in a day.

AUGUST 10 EIGHTY-THIRD DAY

Two thousand one hundred and thirty-two plane flights had been logged. Six hundred and sixty men and 396,212 pounds of food, bedding and other equipment had been airlifted to Admiral Lake and the country twenty miles to the east. For years to come a black scar twenty miles long and five miles wide on the face of Ontario's northland will be a reminder of the worst forest fire to hit the province since 1948, when ten times that area was burned in the Mississagi district. Potentially, the Admiral Lake fire was another Mississagi, or even another Haileybury, where in 1922 more than two thousand square miles of forest were burned in forty-eight hours, with a loss of forty-three lives.

That the Admiral Lake fire was held to sixty-nine thousand acres during a period of extreme fire hazard was dramatic proof of the resources and wits of the world's largest fire-fighting organization.

With no smokes sighted in the area for seven consecutive days, the Admiral Lake fire was now officially declared "out." ★



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B.P. ROOFMASTER Asphalt Shingles are the outstanding advance in roofing in years. They're entirely new, completely different and they bring rugged beauty, appealing character and *distinct individuality* to any home!

Building Products Limited has added something *extra* to the standard square butt shingle—and thus evolved the extraordinary ROOFMASTER. Here's how it's done... First, a lane of dark-coloured granules is incorporated in the underlay surface to form an eye-appealing, continuous *shadow band*. Then an *EXTRA LAYER* of asphalt and rock granules is built-up on the "finished" shingle to create a unique *grained pattern*. The exclusive shadow band and the grained pattern transform the standard shingle into one of unprecedented beauty—the ROOFMASTER.

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cares what he thinks? His teacher, who spends several years of study preparing to answer that question, is the one who should be asked it.

And in recent years, across the country, we've been treated to the spectacle of school strikes, called at the insistence of some young cockalorum to right what they consider some academic wrong. And when this happens, instead of calling out the cops and forcing a restoration of order, the knucklehead school principal and the fatuous school board more often than not actually start to negotiate with the adolescent strikers.

It's the president of the Student Council—that self-governing body so ubiquitous in student life today—who usually gives the reporters his statement and tells how he's going to confer with the "kids" to see if "something can't be worked out."

In his capacity as Consumer, Connoisseur and Style-Setter, the Professional Teen-Ager of both sexes has been eagerly taken over by the marts of merchandise.

John and Mary get their pictures in the advertisements these days in their roles as "junior fashion consultants" or "teen-age merchandising counselors." They have no money of their own. But that's all right. Mom and Pop will get it for them because Mom and Pop want them to have the best of everything whether the best is good for them or not.

It isn't fair to single out the high-school principal for special censure in this matter. The modern high-school principal is a man who knows his job but can't do it properly because his authority has been largely removed. He must keep one eye on his work and the other on his employers, the school board, composed of people who are sensitive to parental meddling to the point of hypochondria.

Sometimes, even today, a high-school teacher, overcome by recklessness and eaten by fury, will be pushed too far. And when this happens he may clout fifteen-year-old Little Willie right on the ear or even drag him yowling out of the classroom by the collar.

Naturally, this is a blow to the New Freedom and an affront to the Professional Teen-Ager. The teacher is lucky if he isn't charged with aggravated assault and is merely pilloried by the press and driven to another community.

For the notion that school is a place where adolescents are taught what they ought to know by people who know how to teach them in a way that experience has established is proper—and that discipline must be maintained while all this is going on—this notion is symbolic of musty, Victorian reaction.

And not only in the halls of learning has the New Dawn arrived for the teen-ager.

Battalions of admen and caption writers are turned loose in the struggle for the teen-age market. They concoct advertisements or columns of teen-age news in which they reproduce as faithfully as their stomachs will allow that particular brand of fractured English which the modern teen-ager is supposed to use. And they'll often come up with a felicity like this: Dig That Crazy Trumpet—That's Music, Man!

What is music? To many teen-agers it's the inane caterwaulings of a Johnnie Ray or the frenzied shouts of these vocal quartets composed of young men who can take any good melody and twist it like a barroom pretzel.

The influence of these young musical

fakers is completely unhealthy. They can draw squeals of ecstasy from the lungs and bosoms of the bobby-sox crowd with the combination of their weird noises, their exaggerated clothes and their twitching shoulders, jerking elbows and bobbing foreheads. Fan clubs are formed in their honor and the young lady who heads the local chapter is accorded the dizzy prestige of a

personal interview with the quartet when they come to town on tour.

Often these idols are interviewed by the various media of communication and on these occasions they display all the articulateness of one of the more backward citizens of the Neolithic Age. Their conversation consists of a series of mumbles, interlarded with "like I say," "let's face it," "it's the greatest," "what I mean," and similar butcheries. They talk as if they were being operated by some incompetent ventriloquist who was continually forgetting to pull the string.

And don't tell me their influence isn't having an effect, either. Too many of our modern teen-agers are incoherent, not because they are afflicted with adolescent shyness, but because they are losing contact with the English language. Even the progressives in education have today, of course, reached the point where they admit that something may have to be done to increase the modern child's facility with the language. But the progressives, as well, have gone a long way in some quarters toward conditioning us to accept the bad manners that ac-

WARNING!



Today's high-powered engines need frequent spark plug checks to prevent dilution of oil

Don't change to summer oil without a spark plug check!

If you haven't checked your plugs in the last 5000 miles, they may be misfiring—and will dilute your new oil with gasoline.

Do you realize that every time a spark plug misses, raw gasoline remains in the cylinder and drains into your crankcase? This thins the oil so it can't properly protect costly engine parts . . . and may put you in line for a big repair bill.

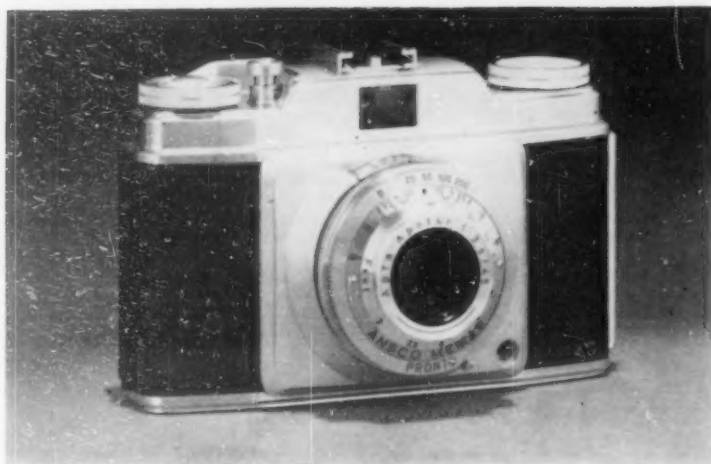
So replace winter-worn plugs with new 5-rib Champions before you change to summer-grade oil! Champions will protect your oil from dilution. What's more—they'll give you greater horsepower and better gasoline mileage.

Ask your serviceman to check your spark plugs today. If you need new ones, insist on 5-rib Champions—the finest money can buy.

To get full engine power . . . drive in where you see this sign



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The new Ansco MEMAR 35 mm Camera offers more luxury features for the price than any other miniature! Equipped with sharp-cutting f3.5 lens, accurate 1/200 sec. flash shutter and thumb lever rapid film advance that also cocks the shutter, counts exposures. Gives clear, bright pictures in either black-and-white or colour. Only \$42.95.

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company their cult of self-expression.

An enlightened lady in Winnipeg recently epitomized the modern approach toward adolescent boorishness. The conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, playing a concert for children, had to stop to warn the audience to cease whistling and pelting the musicians with bobby pins.

And the lady, a member of the orchestra committee, remarked to the press in extenuation: "We've got to realize it's just their way of expressing themselves."

This same vapid attitude is carried over into another area—the area of the handling of juvenile delinquency. A New York judge named Archie O. Dawson had some pertinent remarks to make about this attitude and the effect it is having. He started by saying that juvenile delinquency has made the streets of New York more dangerous than the jungles of Africa. And he attributed much of the increase in crime to what he called the "soft-hearted, soft-headed approach of those who would like to treat young adult criminals as children when they are no longer children."

A juvenile delinquent is a pretty important fellow these days—not only in New York but in Canada. As soon as he gets himself established as a genuine problem-case, he gets himself surrounded by a coterie of professional weepers and breast-beaters who will tell him: (a) society is at fault; (b) his elders are at fault and (c) he is misunderstood. There are variations on this theme but the theme is constant.

The growth of the juvenile delinquent in the past twenty years has had as a concomitant the growth of the professional bleeding-heart who does his (or her) woolly best to protect the young thug from the result of his actions. When organized young hooligans breach the peace, the bleeding-hearts want to investigate the causes of the disorder, instead of seeing first that order is restored.

Nor is it difficult to identify the modern young hooligan. He obligingly wears a uniform to make the process simple. He has what is known as a "duck's back" haircut—very waved and oily—and he is clad in a black leather windbreaker and a pair of jeans. The little doxies who are his female companions are also dressed in jeans.

The swift punch on the nose is disdained as an effeminate form of combat by these sleazy young characters. The new idea is to knock somebody down and then kick him in the face. Putting the boots to an opponent is now universal and accepted. Sometimes they go too far. Sometimes they

beat and kick innocent adults who run afoul of them. If the offense is flagrant, an aroused public is ready to have them handed a dose of their own medicine. The public would, in other words, like to see the police crack open a few of their heads.

But the bleeding-hearts, flapping and squawking and dabbling at their eyes, rush in to tell the poor misunderstood young thugs that what they need is a new community centre. And the young hoodlums agree that that is precisely what is required to make them abandon the neighborhood hamburger joint and mend their ways. Except that it doesn't.

As a matter of fact, a sniveling form of self-pity is one of the hallmarks of the modern young thug. It used to be that a young tough was a young tough and was treated like a young tough. But the modern young tough is a young tough who is encouraged to have a good cry about his condition.

He is urged to blame somebody else for his troubles. He is told he is the victim of police malice, bad housing, lack of recreational facilities or a hard-hearted society intent on forcing him to obey the law instead of probing his psyche. And often these young whippersnappers give out interviews to the press in which they recount to the panting public the ways in which they are persecuted, with promises of reformation if only they are treated with tolerance and understanding.

This pleases the bleeding-hearts but what the bleeding-hearts refuse to admit, of course, is that these young hoodlums have been nurtured on violence and violence is the only thing they respect. They can understand somebody's forcing them to obey the law. They can only sneer at somebody's coaxing them to obey it.

Society has a duty to correct the conditions that breed juvenile delinquency—insofar as society is able to correct the conditions. But society has another duty, and that is the duty to see that the law—which is a communal form of protection—is not thrown into a state of chaos.

And society's first duty is to restore order when order is breached and restore it in the only way that those who breach it can understand. For the panaceas of the misty-eyed, the dogooders and the hand-wringers are not working. Newspaper headlines all across the country every week of the year attest to the fact that they are not working. Even the public—the poor, dumb, long-suffering public—is at last catching on to the fact that they are not working.

And the public, it seems to me, is just about ready for a change. ★

Lamb Tonight?

Is lamb the pièce de résistance you have planned for dinner this evening?

Then listen to this: nothing starts a dinner on quite the same delightful note as a glass of Canada's most popular sherry wine—"74" Sherry. Have some sherry before your meal—or, if you like, sip it with the soup course to start the meal. It's the ideal appetizer wine that *everybody* enjoys.

And at *any* time, too! There's no better drink for entertaining—there's no mixing or measuring when you serve "74" Sherry. Just pour it right from the bottle at room temperature—then serve with pride the sherry your guests will drink with pleasure.

*Did you know that a glass of chilled Manor St. Davids white table wine lends magic to lamb or any other white meat?



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"The Royal Standard HH Typewriter has been judged outstanding for its good design, as based on its form, function, originality, good value and Consumer Acceptance, by the National Industrial Design Council."

Will Dewline cost Canada its northland?

Continued from page 17

We have not merely allowed our military allies, the people of the United States, to possess it; we have insisted that they possess it. We have done nothing so passive as simply giving up our sovereignty in the Canadian north; we have thrust it away from us, thrust it on a friend who did not really want

it but who, having been forced to take it, must inevitably use it in ways that will impair our friendship.

These opinions will be disputed without reservation both in Ottawa and Washington. Any spokesman of any government department in either city will deny that there has been any

friction or unpleasantness or the slightest ambiguity about who's who anywhere along the Dewline. The suggestion that Canada is only the nominal ruler of this important part of Canada and that the United States is the real ruler is not taken seriously anywhere except on the Dewline itself. There the truth is palpable and inescapable.

The question of who now controls the Canadian far north cannot be divorced from certain larger and earlier questions: Why was it necessary even to consider a change of control? Why, with high-speed, high-altitude guided

missiles already known to be on the testing grounds of the USSR as well as our own, did we decide to build a string of radar stations designed to warn us, some years after they were planned, against the advent of old-fashioned aircraft at old-fashioned heights and speeds? Why, having made that decision, did Canada decide to permit the United States to take over the whole responsibility for constructing, paying for, supplying and manning it?

Any serious speculation about these matters must begin with at least some speculation about Dewline's probable value and durability. There are many reasons to fear that the line will be obsolete before it is ever finished, or very shortly afterward. Nevertheless, anyone who has the slightest sympathy for those burdened with the very nearly impossible duties of military and political leadership in these very nearly impossible times must have at least some sympathy for the impulse on which it was begun.

In 1952, when the threat of war was near its peak, Canada and the United States were naked to air attack. Hastily, the two countries built the Pine-tree radar line, roughly along the 49th parallel—most of the stations in Canada, two thirds of the cost borne by the United States. About the same time the U. S. government asked the Lincoln Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to make further recommendations for radar defense.

What is DEW's purpose?

In 1954, as a result of the Lincoln report, Canada began building the Mid-Canada Line, near the latitude of Prince Rupert, B.C., Flin Flon and upper James Bay. The U. S. began building the Distant Early Warning Line. No person limited by mortal vision could have said then whether Dewline and its backstops would prove to be a ridiculous extravagance or the savior of mankind. To anyone responsible for the defense of North America, in North America, the question was largely academic. The choice was as simple as this: do nothing; or do something, however dubious that something might be. Dewline, in the classic phrase of the committed gambler preparing to bet against a fixed wheel, was the only game in town. If either country or any senior military or political leader of either country objected to Dewline as a military instrument the objection has been kept a secret.

Almost every month since the project was begun—and its completion is many months and perhaps as much as two years away—something has happened to make the decision to begin it still more vulnerable to second guessing. Originally, in the first cautious announcements to the public nearly two years ago, its chief purpose was described as the protection of civilians. Official utterances still invite the public to believe that the primary objects of the radar network are (a) to give us a chance to evacuate our cities ahead of an attack; and (b) to intercept and repel the attackers. The first of these goals became unattainable the day supersonic planes became operational, for even with conventional jet aircraft Dewline is less than three hours from Toronto, Montreal, Detroit, Chicago or New York. The second goal—the interception of most or all attacking bombers or missiles by fighter aircraft or counter-missiles—is admitted by most realistic military thinkers to be at the very best highly visionary.

By far Dewline's strongest reason for being is the one that's least frequently mentioned: to protect the strategic bombers of the United States



THIS IS THE GIRL WHO ROCKED 'EM IN PARIS

Yes, indeed she did. And she wasn't content with just Paris. She caused a sensation in Hampstead Heath, Karachi, Cleveland, and Stockholm, too. And she didn't stop there. So far, she has become the toast of no less than fifty-eight countries. That's Mabel, the girl from Carling's. In sidewalk cafes, country clubs, taverns, bars, and corner pubs, the people of the world call for refreshment the same popular way. They simply whistle and say, "Mabel, Black Label." That's Carling's Black Label Beer, the only beer good enough to be asked for time and time again in more than half the countries of the world. So, next time, just whistle and say:

"Mabel, Black Label"

CARLING'S *Black Label* **BEER**

Air force; to give them enough warning to get off their world-wide bases before they can be destroyed on the ground; to aim "massive retaliation" at Russia if Russia first aims an attack at the free world. As a part of the machinery of deterrence its defenders consider an adequate system of warning against a sneak attack as important as the H-bomb itself.

It can now be argued, unhappily, that even in this partly psychological, partly strategic and counteroffensive sense, Dewline will have exhausted its use before it is ready to begin operating. Last April, just three days before Defense Ministers Campney and Wilson left on their inspection trip, Dr. William Petrie, chief of the Operational Research Group of the Canadian Defense Research Board, said that with the advent of intercontinental rockets Dewline will give the North American heartland barely six minutes warning between a hostile weapon's passage across the Arctic and its arrival at the target area. In the duel of blindfolded chess players that is the military side of the cold war, it makes a deadly kind of sense for our military planners to say today: *let the Russians break through the Dewline and we'll get our bombers airborne, heading in the general direction of Moscow; let them keep going across the Mid-Canada Line and our bombers will keep going too.* When the intercontinental ballistic missile becomes practicable, we'll have to make a different kind of sense with a vastly different kind of instrument than any to be found on Dewline or scheduled for installation there.

When he seeks a solution to doubts and guessing games like these any civilian must soon discover that he has gone beyond his depth. What we're getting from the Dewline, and what more we may ultimately get from it, will never be positively settled unless there is a third world war, and perhaps not even then. But what we're paying for it is a far simpler question. In my opinion it's a ludicrous myth that we Canadians are paying nothing. In my opinion we are paying far more for the Dewline than the United States is paying, even though our cost in dollars is approximately zero and their cost in dollars is not far from half a billion.

In return for the luxury of not spending money on the Dewline we Canadians have surrendered something that for the last generation we have regarded as our greatest necessity: our independence. For a sum of money that during the approximate construction period of Dewline—roughly 1954 to 1957—will be somewhat more than equalled by the taxes we will pay on tobacco, we have delegated the effective working control of at least ten percent of our land area to the United States Air Force.

Quite naturally the USAF is not content merely to pay for the sleek motels and radar domes springing up across the Arctic. It is building them and it will man them as they are completed. It has let the building contract to Western Electric Co., a subsidiary of American Telephone & Telegraph. A subsidiary of another American telephone company, Federal Electric, has been given the contract to operate the stations with civilian personnel. Every detail of construction and operation quite properly must be approved by the USAF and is subject to its continuing review. U. S. Air Force officers will be stationed permanently at the larger sites.

Considering the temptations implicit in this situation the American airmen and civilians in the Canadian north have been remarkably successful in not behaving like an army of occupation. In the places where I saw the Stars and

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"Can I answer?" the Canadian base commander asked. "No," the American colonel said

Stripes flying, it flew no higher than the Canadian Red Ensign or, alternatively, the standard of the RCAF. Western Electric, the primary American contractor, has used American subcontractors only on the Alaskan end of the line. Canadian engineering firms hold the main subcontracts in Canada. The vast majority of the work is being done and most of the wages are being earned by Canadians—at rates beginning for common labor at a rock-bottom of more than a hundred dollars a week, plus food as superb and plentiful as only that genius of wilderness cuisine, the Canadian catering firm of Crawley & McCracken, could make it. Canadian civilian airlines carry as much of the commercial freight as they have equipment to handle. When Federal Electric takes over the operation of the line, it will employ a high percentage of Canadians.

But in any effective sense Dewline is neither a Canadian operation nor a part of Canada. To get there at all, I and a dozen other Canadian reporters had to agree that anything we wrote during or as a result of the trip would be submitted for security censorship in Washington as well as in Ottawa. Then we had to go to New York, take a \$1.50 taxi ride to Lower Manhattan, pick up our pre-arranged security passes and run a gauntlet of uniformed employees of the Pinkerton's detective agency. After that we and a similar number of U. S. reporters and photographers in the party spent a day listening to briefings in the conference room of the Western Electric Company headquarters. We heard from eight or nine United States Air Force, Navy and Army officers, varying in rank from lieutenant-general to lieutenant. We heard from half a dozen Western Electric executives and engineers. We heard from one Canadian, a wing commander of the RCAF, who spoke under the difficult heading: "Canada's contribution and support to the Dewline." His most quotable remark, even though quite erroneous, was very well received: "Before being specific as to Canada's contribution to the USAF during the construction of the Dewline, I think it is only fair to mention that Canada, as a young nation of fifteen million people, has accepted a financial responsibility for defense on a comparative per-capita base, second to none."

That night the party of about fifty, including conducting and security officers, left from Mitchel Field, a USAF base on Long Island. By now we had been equipped with movement orders stamped with the official seal of the Headquarters of the U. S. Air Force. These authorized us to travel "by military aircraft from Washington D.C. and/or New York, N. Y., to the Distant Early Warning sites located in Canada and Alaska ... and return to Washington D.C. and/or New York, N. Y." A person unblest with the sense of world citizenship might at this stage have thought it strange that a group of Canadians about to cross the border and enter a remote part of Canada needed the written permission of the United States government to do so, while a group of Americans about to do the same thing under the same auspices were not, apparently, required to submit to the usual Canadian customs and immigration inspections.

We were issued with USAF Arctic gear not long after the plane took off. For the next few days the Canadian RCAF wing commander and the two other RCAF officers of lesser rank who

were in the party had the choice of freezing to death or of appearing to the residents of the Dewline as minor and anonymous members of a U. S. military mission. They allowed their common sense to prevail. And as a result of this decision, which cannot possibly be challenged, a large number of people working on and supplying the Dewline were deprived of the knowledge that any instrument of the Canadian government, military or otherwise, had any interest in the first official news expedition there.

Our first stop out of New York was Frobisher Bay, on Baffin Island. Frobisher is nominally an RCAF base and a large United States Air Force unit flies in and out of there. In theory the base is commanded by an RCAF wing commander. While we were there the wing commander held a press conference and agreed to answer questions. But on many questions, some of which concerned the base he commands, he had no idea what to say. He would turn to the senior U. S. security colonel, who was actually his own junior in theoretical authority. "Should I answer that?" Sometimes the USAF colonel said it was all right to answer. Sometimes he said no. I asked a question about the defense of our radar sites, Canadian sites and American sites and joint sites. "Can I answer?" the Canadian wing commander asked. "No," the American colonel said. There was no answer.

Later the station commander explained the exact division of functions on the base between the U. S. and Canadian Air Forces. "The USAF," he said, "is responsible for administration and operations. The RCAF is responsible for policy." Walking back to the mess, I asked a fellow reporter what he made of these distinctions. "It's easy," he said. "If you want to fly airplanes around here, you ask Washington. If you want to open a saloon you ask Ottawa."

How good is our security?

Cynical and exaggerated though remarks like this may be, the atmosphere along the Dewline occasionally invites cynicism and exaggeration. Most of the American officers and engineers responsible for the line attempt to be as tactful as human nature ever intended average men to be. They are at least as sensitive to the feelings of the Canadians they meet as the Canadians they meet are to theirs. But no amount of rough-hewn, new-world courtesy can conceal from anyone the simple facts that our basic allegiances, though nearly parallel, are not exactly so, and that a good and loyal Canadian and a good and loyal American are not necessarily good and loyal in precisely the same manners and directions.

Almost the first words I heard on arrival at Frobisher Bay were the complaint of a U. S. officer on duty there to a U. S. officer from the Pentagon that security in the area was unsatisfactory. I had no compunction about overhearing and, indeed, no choice, for the officer was speaking very clearly and I was sitting across the breakfast table. As an example of how loose security was in the area of the Dewline, he said, there was a certain "civilian contractor" working on it who "can't even get into the States and boasts about it." The suggestion quite clearly was that at least one Canadian criminal or at least one Canadian Communist was playing a prominent part in the building of the

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Will mistrust about security cost us control over our own northland?

Dewline and had been given access to at least some of its secrets.

I spent some time trying to check the story both with senior officials of the Foundation Company of Canada, the civilian contractor on the eastern end of the Dewline, and later in Ottawa with the security branch of the Defense Production Department, which is responsible for clearing Canadian civilians working on the line. It was denied everywhere. The significant point, it seems to me, is that in this single area alone—the whole vexed and tortured area of security—there lie the seeds of serious discord and possible further encroachments on Canada's control of the Canadian north.

What, I kept asking myself, if this suspicious U. S. officer had turned up a Canadian Alger Hiss on the first line of defense of the United States? What if some Canadian construction superintendent should turn up drunk in Mont Joli, Que., or Churchill, Man., or Yellowknife, N.W.T., and publicly announce the precise locations of ten or fifteen radar stations? What happens then? Will the U. S. Congress and the U. S. Air Force insist that their jurisdiction over who travels in and out of the American north—which now is fairly effective but neither complete nor official—be made final and overriding? Or will this whole part of the free world's effort to create a mutual defense dissolve in mutual reproach?

Every possible effort has been made to arrive at a general understanding on security. In 1952 the two countries signed the U.S.-Canada Industrial Security Agreement under which on defense contracts involving them both each became responsible for clearing and vouching for its own citizens. The procedures and standards are not identical, but the Canadian system has been approved by the FBI and the U. S. Defense Department and the U. S. system has been approved by the RCMP and the Canadian Defense and Defense Production Departments.

During my brief visit to the Dewline, which was made of necessity under U. S. auspices, I had little opportunity to learn anything about Canadian security at the working level. I was exposed constantly to the workings of U. S. security, which appears in those regions to be marked by great vigilance and at least some incompetence. Although the manner in which even the simplest questions from reporters were handled suggested the Frobisher air base was as subversive-proof as human watchfulness could make it, we hadn't been there twenty-four hours before some person or persons still unidentified walked across the airstrip in the black of an Arctic night, broke into our mammoth Globemaster unchallenged and undetected, rummaged around it for a while and departed anonymously, whether with photostats of the navigator's maps or more conventional souvenirs no one will ever know for sure.

A few minutes after I heard a U. S. officer charge that Canada was allowing bad security risks to hold senior jobs on the Dewline, a senior official of the American primary contractor, Western Electric, distributed a handout to the thirty-one correspondents in our party. The handout listed all the stations along the entire length of Dewline and broke them down into their categories: primary, auxiliary and intermediate. This information was so highly classified that the visiting correspondents had not been intended to have access to it, even within the pro-

visions of censorship. A colonel from the Pentagon quietly had the handout retrieved, edited by scissors and later returned minus the offending information.

Three days later, as we were preparing to fly from Baffin Island to Yellowknife with one Dewline stop en route, I found myself seated near the same young man from New Jersey who had so recently distributed the whole key to our Arctic defense as a general press release. He was acting as one of our official escorts and I asked him: "Where will our next stop be—still on the islands or on the mainland?" He thought carefully and said: "We will be traveling west." It seemed like a long way to travel to learn which way Yellowknife lies from Baffin Island. But when such wildly extreme notions of what constitutes an official secret and what does not can exist side by



MACLEAN'S

side within a single individual responsible for maintaining secrecy, it is not unlikely that the whole policy of security—U. S. security, Canadian security, common security—will in time become a subject of wild confusion and some mistrust. In this confusion and mistrust there may lie unsuspected threats to the shadow of Canadian dominion over the Canadian north. The substance has already begun to disappear.

The most experienced and responsible Canadian I met in the north was a man I'd rather not identify more closely than that. I asked him bluntly: "Do you and your friends resent the presence of the Americans here?" "No," he said sadly, "it's the other way around. They resent our presence here."

This man, incidentally, believes implicitly in the Dewline, both in the electronic theories and the philosophy of mutual defense behind it. "We need the Americans here," he said. "We get along with them pretty well, but not as well as we should. They've been badly briefed—either by their government or ours. Most of them came up here believing they were to be in full and absolute command. Most of them still believe it and to a large extent they're right. They're spending money on the Dewline and we're making money on it. It's not much wonder that some of them—not all of them, but some—are inclined to throw their weight around. So far as some of them are concerned there are three kinds of people up here: Americans, Canadians and Eskimos. They rate the value and reliability of the three kinds in just that order."

The official explanation of the Dew-

line deal and all that goes with it is simple and, up to a point, persuasive. The three main arguments in its favor are these:

1. Dewline is part of a radar system which is as essential to the protection of the United States as to the protection of Canada. There is absolutely no reason, ethically or morally, why the U. S. shouldn't be allowed or asked to pay for the lion's share of it.
2. Anyway, what right have Canadians to complain about breaches of sovereignty effected or implied by the presence of American military commanders and American military formations on Canadian soil? As part of its contribution to NATO Canada itself is maintaining military installations overseas.
3. Furthermore, Canada couldn't have built Dewline even if it had wanted to. We lack the money, the manpower and the machinery.

The third of these submissions has very little or no validity. We have the money. Divided over a construction and planning period of four years the hundred million dollars a year Dewline would have cost us still would not have brought our relative defense spending as high as that of either Britain or the United States. On any basis of comparison we are spending less on defense than either country. U. S. per capita costs per year are about \$200, ours are about \$115. About sixty percent of their budget goes into defense and foreign aid, compared to about forty-six percent of ours. They put nearly twelve percent of their gross national product into defense; we put nearly nine percent of ours into defense. Manpower is another side of the coin, but Canada has already demonstrated that it has the manpower needed to build and man the Dewline if it were willing to do so. Most of the work is being done by Canadians as it is. Specialists and special equipment would have been available under subcontract from the U. S. There is not the slightest reason to doubt that the U. S. Army, Navy and Air Force, which contributed so heroically to the vital "crash" program of supply last year, would have been glad to make the same contributions had the project been underwritten and controlled by Canada.

The other two arguments in favor of Dewline as a U. S. undertaking contain no blacks or whites. They involve a series of delicate equations into which anyone can write his own figures. How many dollars equal how much independence? How much independence have we really lost and how much of it could we have saved? How much more will be lost as our comfortable acceptance of the presence here of U. S. military commanders, U. S. military troops and U. S. military installations becomes as naturally ingrained as our acceptance of U. S. business capital and U. S. television, books and movies? To make any comparison, however remote, between what a few Canadian NATO squadrons might mean to the national identity of France and what a U. S. military base 2500 miles long within Canada's geographical limits might mean to the national identity of Canada is to invoke one of the largest and sickest red herrings in the history of debate.

Under the original agreement Canada still has the right to take over the operation of Dewline on "reasonable notice." To do so might represent a decline in the quality of our bookkeeping but there are good reasons to believe it would also represent an improvement in the quality of our statesmanship. ★

I AIMED HIGH
WHEN I RODE AGAINST

Balkan Lancers



1 "Threading a needle blind-folded should be easy for the Yugoslav peasants who compete at Sinj once a year in their sport of Alka," writes Wendy Hilty, an American friend of Canadian Club. "The horsemen gallop down a 300-yard course in 13 seconds and snatch an 8-inch ring hung from a wire. I caught the ring, but I did it at a slow trot."



2 "An Alka champion had shown me how to hold the 10-foot lance. I noticed at the time, his costume looked shabby. I couldn't help mentioning it. 'Naturally,' he smiled, 'it's 240 years old!'"



3 "After congratulating the winner, who won no prize but only honor for his bull's-eye, I got the story on the costumes. They're uniforms that were worn in battle against the Turks in 1715. Kept in the museum at Sinj, they're taken out every summer for the Alka competition."



4 "I caught up on history later when I met a local bigwig. 'We're modernizing Yugoslavia,' he said, and proved it by serving me Canadian Club! Alka celebrates the defeat of invading Turks. People everywhere celebrate with Canadian Club. I find it's famous wherever I travel."

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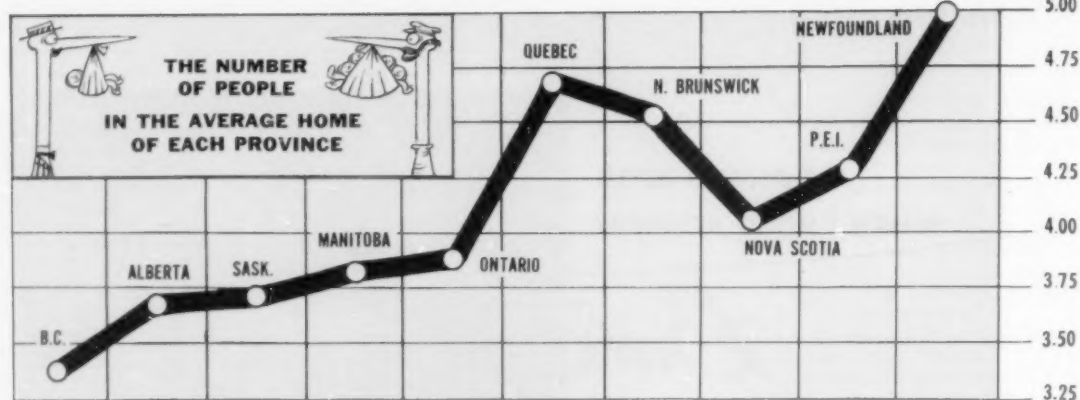


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Newfoundland's families are Canada's biggest; going west from Quebec the size of the household is steadily smaller.

THE FUTURE OF THE FAMILY continued from page 14

"Father has lost the authority to run his family's life.

Some men bemoan it, but most are happier"

how does family life today and tomorrow compare with the known past in producing happy children and adults equipped for a useful career and harmonious community life? There's no point in considering these factors in comparison with the family structure, customs and methods of fifty years ago—no point in an older person moralizing "Now, when I was a child"—because the family way of life has changed out of recognition in half a century. Today new answers must be sought to questions about the family.

The typical mid-Victorian family in all lands the old Queen ruled or influenced was one whose structure and operation can be examined to this day (with audience reactions ranging from incredulity to hilarity to horror) in the play, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. The father is family head in every sense. His orders are obeyed as unquestioningly as those of an absolute autocrat. Children speak when they are spoken to, come when they are called, govern their lives by father's rules. Mother has certain powers of intercession, but in general she too is ruled by father, and in turn rules the family as father's deputy. She also manages the big house and the many servants that low wages make possible. The household is likely to contain, in addition, one or more grandmothers and grandfathers. The family went to church in a body, lived, ate, enjoyed its docile recreation as an inseparable unit.

If the Victorian family lived outside the city or in a pioneering country like Canada, its dependence on its own members was even greater. Such a family under the father's leadership must assume responsibility for earning all the living the family would ever have; for teaching the family trade to the youngsters; for organizing and equipping itself for its own entertainment; for growing or killing a significant part of its own food; for fighting the family's battles; for nursing the family's sick; for implanting religious attitudes and cultural standards; and for supporting the family's elders.

Consider in comparison the family of today. Its fewer members live in a dwelling tailored to fit its size and no more—often not quite enough. It occupies space about the area of the Victorian family's coach house (at

times the veritable coach house itself, as these surviving relics are considered elegant apartments). Automobile transport, private or public, allows the family members to scatter at will. Mother is likely to have a career or be occupied with clubs and charities, and she runs her house without servants but with an array of labor-saving devices. There's no room for grandparents in the apartment or bungalow, of course, but government pensions help make them independent and they live elsewhere. There's government help in the cost of raising children, too. And what of the fate of father, head of the family?

In the process of being relieved of many of his responsibilities by government agencies and private enterprise,

the father has also lost much of his authority to run the lives of his family, via the emancipation of women and the growing inclination of children to make their own decisions. Some Canadian males, in whose breasts still burn a yearning for Victorian paternalism, bemoan and even resist the new equality of the father in his family circle, which include such activities as washing dishes and changing babies. But other authorities feel the modern male is far happier than he would be in the role of his father or grandfather.

They maintain that an atmosphere of mutual affection shared by all members is about as important a contribution as the family can make to its members nowadays—an atmosphere

How glamour builds up our birthrate



DR. REVA GERSTEIN

A feminine viewpoint on the question of why the Canadian family is increasing in size, from Dr. Reva Gerstein, Toronto psychologist: "There was a time not long ago when a pregnant woman would hide herself as if her condition was something to be ashamed of. Not any more. Now there are glamorous fashions for the mother-to-be, and husbands are proud to step out with them. Child-bearing itself is no longer a tedious 'illness' of two weeks, but a fascinating experience that interrupts her normal home

routine for four or five days. Oh, the whole thing goes deeper than that, of course. Women are aware that the family is the cradle of the human race, and the first stronghold of democracy, and that motherhood is a uniquely specialized role that they don't have to share with men on a competitive basis, like business or politics. But let's face it—rubbing some of the tarnish off motherhood and adding a big helping of glamour probably has a lot to do with our new big birthrate."



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| <input type="checkbox"/> REAR VIEW MIRROR | <input type="checkbox"/> HORN |

that makes home "the nicest place you know to hang your hat." (Some psychologists such as Dr. John Nash of New Brunswick feel that fathers still aren't taking a big enough part in family life—see Maclean's, May 12.)

Children may talk back, may disobey and otherwise evoke cries of "What on earth are children coming to?" but they're far more likely to be a friend and companion of their father than in the days when the family was a tight-knit unit. "In fact," comments Provost R. S. K. Seeley of Trinity College, Toronto, "I am convinced that

the family is returning to favor because so many men are making the discovery that it's the pleasantest company they're ever likely to have in a world that is full of competitive people and unpleasant episodes."

What about the future?

One of the obvious differences between the Victorian family and the modern family, as the descriptions above testify, is that the Victorian family was comparatively static in its pattern and behavior, while the family of today is still in the throes of change.

The family pattern of the next few decades will be determined by several influences—some weakening, some strengthening; some familiar, some of unknown effect—to which it is going to be subjected:

● **Allies of family well-being**, in addition to those already discussed, include the ancient influence of the church and, incongruously, the new force of television.

● **Enemies of family harmony and unity** are: bad housing, the dreariness of

outer-suburban living, the growing menaces of mental illness and alcoholism.

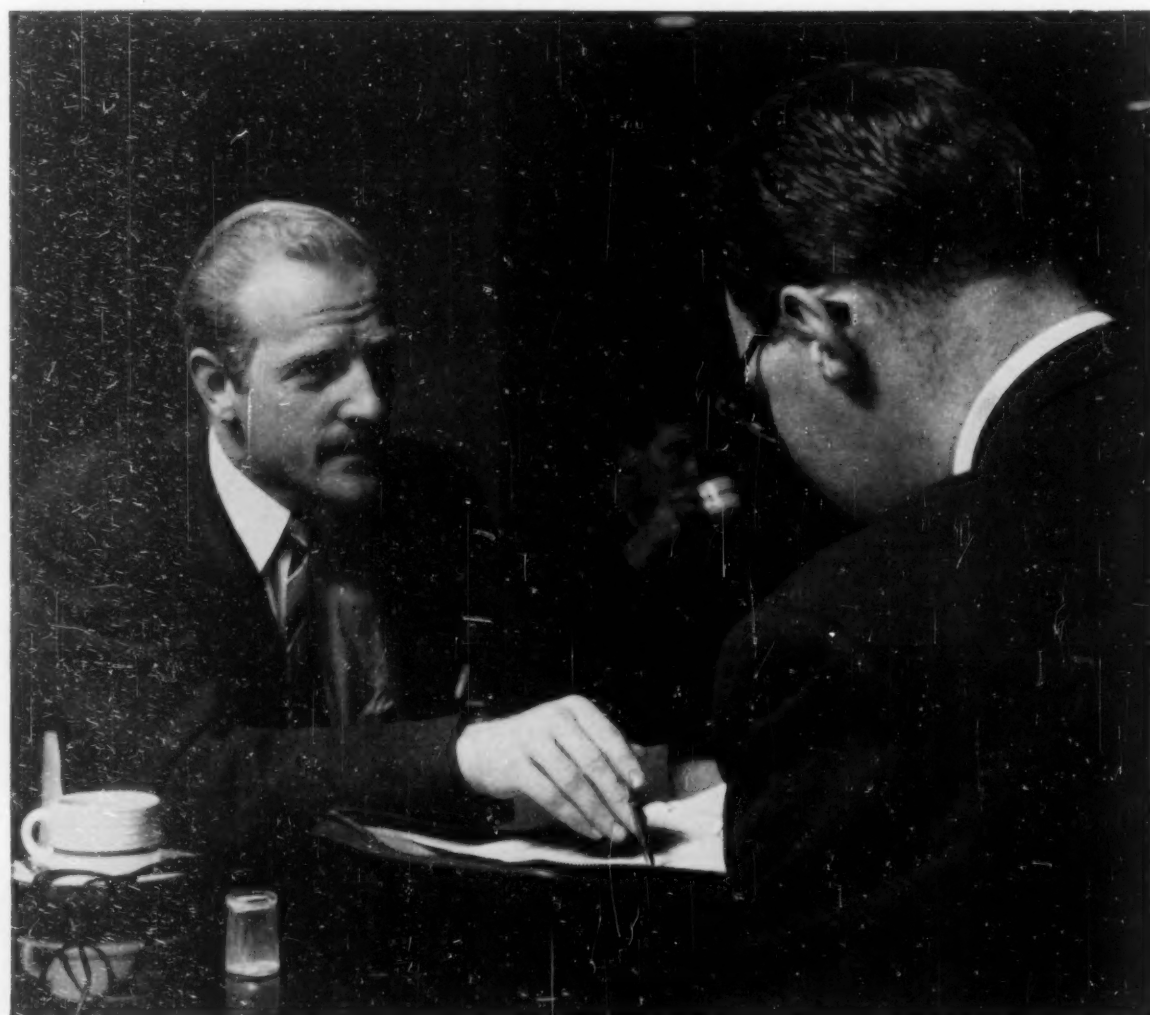
● **An unknown quantity** but undoubtedly soon to become a major influence in family life, is the newest of all human institutions: the new leisure conferred by automation of industry.

Let's look at all these factors, first the two that favor family unity:

RELIGION:

All creeds are deeply conscious that the institution whose fate is most deeply bound up with the fate of religion is the family, and the preservation of family strength is one of the prime tasks of all clergy. The Jews, perhaps, have preserved family solidarity more than most religions; for many a strong family unity was less a matter of choice than of life and death.

The Roman Catholic church has taken special steps to supplement its laws designed for family preservation, such as prohibition of divorce and birth control. Many churches throughout Canada conduct large classes in



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REV. R. S. K. SEELEY

**"The family
can face a very real
danger in
the new leisure . . .**

. . . derived from automation," says Rev. R. S. K. Seeley, provost of Trinity College, Toronto, "because people haven't learned how to use leisure. Take the family hobby—as healthy an influence for family unity as any material thing can be. With the best of wills it would be difficult to conduct a family project of any scope in today's minimum-sized apartments. Stamp collecting or chess playing, yes, but not painting or square dancing."

Families have adapted their leisure to looking rather than participating. Dr. Seeley maintains. Hence the dependence on radio, TV and spectator sports. "Or," he adds, "the pub for adults. Rather, the beverage room or cocktail bar. For in Canada these institutions fail to provide even that element of participation found in that poor man's forum, the English pub. It isn't that things like TV are bad in themselves. They're just negative. And people who keep company with negative things long enough become negative persons."

"Large families have caught the building trade unprepared. Houses aren't big enough"

marriage counseling for young engaged couples; for married couples a new and rapidly growing plan known as the Christian Family Movement is under way across the nation. The plan calls for regular meetings of small groups—five or six couples in a neighborhood—who thresh out family problems that might disrupt family life if undetected and untreated. "And," confided one priest, "the sacrament of confession is being used increasingly to diagnose potential family troubles. A priest who detects the germ of a problem in the confessional will promptly advise the man or woman to seek help from church sources that specialize in family matters."

TELEVISION:

Not since the automobile took the family from its fireside and sent it in all directions, separately and collectively, has anything happened to equal TV as a family re-unifier. From many unlikely directions come testimonies of this... such as the St. Thomas, Ont., coach schedule. Not long after TV came to Ontario, Gary Sutherland, proprietor of the coach line, announced that night service would be discontinued. He explained that previously hundreds of St. Thomas residents had used the buses every evening to travel to theatres, dances, bowling alleys and other places of entertainment and recreation. Then passenger traffic dwindled to a trickle of one hundred per night. Sutherland blamed television. "Most people are staying home to watch it," he said.

Not far away, in London, Ont., Kingsley Vogan, a high-school teacher, reported on the TV habits of students. His findings were that the teen-agers of London's five high schools averaged a few minutes less than fifteen hours a week, in spite of the fact that fewer than three out of four of their homes had sets, and, as Vogan put it, "in spite of the bugle call of the autumn landscape, the Friday-night rituals at the gridiron, the Sunday observances at church, the distraction of tests in school, teen-town, jobs after school, club meetings, dates, homework assignments."

Here are the factors that are unfriendly toward family well-being:

POOR HOUSING:

In its brief to the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects earlier this year, the government-owned Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation admitted that there "will continue to be housing needs that cannot be satisfied in the economic market," and named the principal of these—large families. Certainly any city couple following the trend toward five or six children to a family is going to face a housing problem. Apartments are almost certainly not for them. A two-bedroom suite is the maximum size in many apartment houses. Three-bedroom apartments are an expensive rarity.

House builders, too, are only barely following the trend toward larger families. As Peter Langer, a Toronto realtor, points out: "Larger families have caught the building trade unprepared. Builders figured families would be a little bigger than before the war, and about ten years ago they started putting up three-bedroom bungalows instead of the two-bedroom houses that had been practically standard before. Nowadays a new two-bedroom bungalow is a rarity.

But so, comparatively, is a four-bedroom or bigger house, which seems to be needed by more and more families."

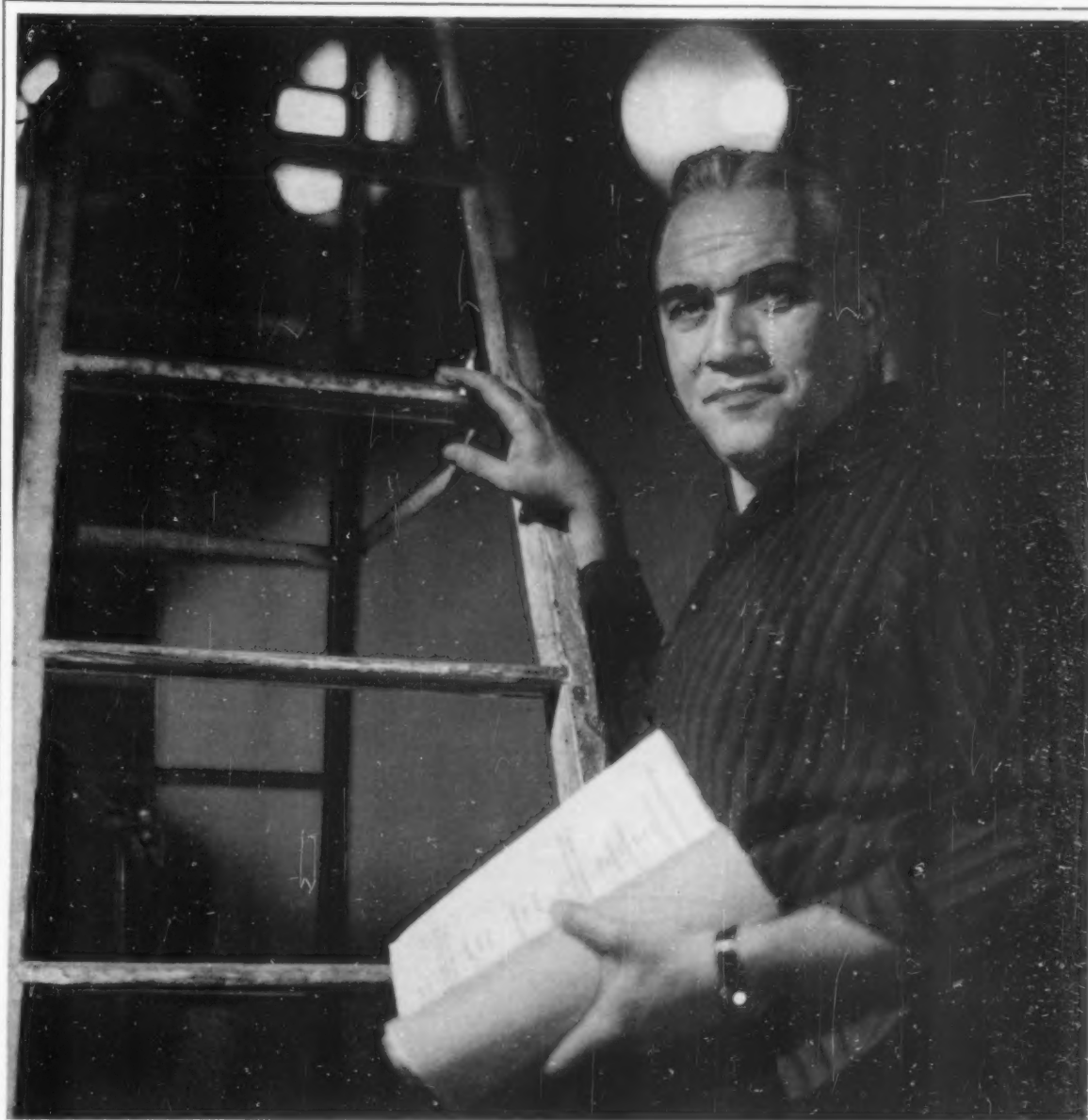
One room that has virtually disappeared, or become a mere appendix of the living room, is the dining room. A Canadian food company seeking information on the eating habits of families discovered that nearly three out of four households ate their meals in the kitchen. Some sociologists have

come to the conclusion that loss of the dining room has affected family relations. It was the one remaining place where the family habitually gathered at least once a day for upward of an hour, where all members could engage in relaxed conversation and become, so to speak, reacquainted within the family circle.

To what extent, actually, does good or bad housing affect family harmony

and the behavior of its members? Dr. Albert Rose, University of Toronto, is writing a book on the subject. It is a detailed survey of what has been happening to more than 500 families who continue to live in the Toronto district of Regent Park... with this difference, that their former homes have been replaced with modern apartment buildings.

"Almost every member of those five



LORNE GREENE reports

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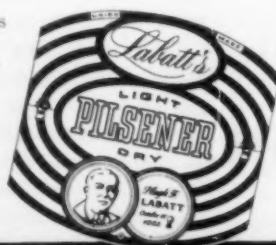


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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO LABATT'S

"The family's biggest test is not in the 'wicked city' but in the remote suburbs"

hundred families is better off," says Dr. Rose. "Schoolteachers who have witnessed the 'before and after' testify that they are amazed at the better attendance, better health, better progress of the children. A map in Toronto's juvenile court now shows Regent's Park as a white area—before it was dotted with black pins marking the incidence of juvenile delinquency."

SUBURBAN LIVING:

Strangely enough, the very developments that have been promoted as the modern way to gracious living—the suburbs—can develop into real trouble spots. Professor Del Clark, a Canadian economist, maintains that, "the real test of family resiliency is going to be met in the outer suburbs."

"Whatever the shortcomings of older parts of the cities, there is only richness to them where there is only rawness in the suburbs," he says. "The social amenities have not caught up with the need for them in the suburbs, and the lag may play havoc with the development of young people. A typical teen-ager arrives home and finds there's not much for him to do

there. His parents are happily planning a garden or a recreation room or a patio, but those things don't interest him. He's got to get out, but where can he go? I know one suburb in which the only possible place of entertainment within walking distance, a restaurant with a juke box, closes at eight o'clock. Why? The proprietor says it's not worth the risk of trouble involved in catering to teen-agers with time on their hands. Family life at its most rugged is being lived, not in the 'wicked city' but in the rows of houses that stand where placid farm families once lived and worked in harmony."

MENTAL ILLNESS:

This is the health problem causing perhaps the most anxiety from the family viewpoint, because it appears to be growing steadily for all ages. Today the hospitals of Canada are crowded with sixty-eight thousand mental patients—as many as occupy hospital beds for all other illnesses combined.

ALCOHOLISM:

The dreary picture of the drunken



Frivolous living wrecks family as in Louis XVI's reign in France.

How the family reaches its lowest ebb



Social unrest, as in the Russian Revolution, weakens family life.

The family as an institution

has come close to falling apart at various periods in history, and in the recent past some social thinkers saw ominous similarities between earlier times and their own. Joseph K. Folsom, professor of sociology at Vassar College, noted that the decline of the Roman family and the decline of the Roman Empire were closely related and that the family's deterioration was accompanied by "a decay in the power of the father, a partial equalization of women with men, a general increase in sex freedom, divorce and a pleasure-philosophy of life." Many authorities, he warned, "have pointed out similarities between late Roman culture and our own to show that the loosening up of the family pattern will lead to national disaster."

Carle C. Zimmerman, professor of social relations at Harvard University, has placed this century among the eras in which the family has been endangered: "Notably in Greece after the Peloponnesian War, in Rome after the third century, and in modern twentieth century, great masses of people turn from familism." Other dangerous times cited were the years after the French Revolution (from which some sociologists believe the French family system has never fully recovered) and, most recently, the Russian experiment in easy divorce and state-approved abortions for the asking.



WILL DURANT

When they thought the family was doomed

In the restless decade between the end of World War I and the start of the Depression, social thinkers bemoaned the decline of home and family. The philosopher with the widest audience, Will Durant painted this gloomy picture in 1929:

"Now that the home, in our large cities, is disappearing, monogamy has lost its chief attraction. Without doubt companionate marriage will be more and more condoned where there is no attempt to reproduce. Free unions will multiply; and though

their freedom will be chiefly for the male, women will take them as a lesser evil than the sterile loneliness of uncourted days. Women, having imitated men in all else, will emulate his premarital experience. Divorce will grow, and every city will be crowded with the derelicts of shipwrecked unions. The entire institution of marriage will be recast into looser forms; motherhood will be an incident in woman's life, and state institutions for the care of children will replace the home."

father and the destitute family seems to have lost its punch as the plot for a melodrama or the subject of a story. But alcoholism as a large-scale menace to normal family life has been steadily growing in the last quarter of a century, and has added a new character to the cast: the drinking mother. Just how directly alcohol and broken families are linked can be seen from these figures: the divorce rate in families where one of the spouses is an alcoholic is twelve times greater than in the rest of the population; there are six times more separations of couples that include an alcoholic than among couples that do not. In one Connecticut study made by the Yale Centre of Alcohol Studies involving more than a thousand male alcoholics, only one in four was found to be living with his wife and family, if any.

When the Alcoholism Research Foundation of Ontario calculated the alcoholics in Canada in 1956, the executive director, H. David Archibald, described the finding as "extremely serious." For the figure was a new all-time high of 1,850 per 100,000 population aged twenty and over, or a total of 182,000 alcoholics. The Ontario rate was 2,210 per 100,000, giving the province 76,000 alcoholics, an increase of 20,000 in three years.

THE NEW LEISURE:

Finally, this big, unanswered question: what will be the effect on the family when its wage earners encounter automation—the production of goods by automatic machinery that is expected to give masses of workers a thirty-hour or even twenty-hour week with no reduction in pay. The consensus is this: used negatively, leisure could create boredom and vegetation and increase destructive habits. Used creatively, leisure could usher in a new golden age in arts and crafts, with the people participating instead of looking on. Both of these things have happened when a nation won an unusual

amount of leisure. In the fifth century B.C. the Athenians had so much slave labor to do their routine work that they could occupy their own time as they wished, and they created the greatest age of art and philosophy. Centuries later the all-powerful Romans had a similar choice, but they clamored for bread and circuses. Presently the Dark Ages closed down on the world and on Rome's wasted glory.

Walter Lyons, supervisor of the family division of the Jewish welfare services of Toronto, says: "It would horrify me if all my family wage earners started working a twenty- or thirty-hour week tomorrow and there were no preparations, no facilities, to cope with that leisure time. Jewish families probably have as many problems as other families, but one of our strengths is the highly developed social, recreational and cultural services that are organized in the community, usually as part of the spiritual centre of the community, the synagogue."

Unaccustomed leisure for large numbers of adults "can turn into a Frankenstein," warns Professor Charles Hendry. "I consider the establishment of the Canada Council and other recommendations of the Massey Report for the cultivation of art, music, drama and other forms of culture to be as important to the cultural well-being of Canada as the family allowance has been to the well-being of the children of two million Canadian families."

This has been a fairly quick look at the family—its size and the shape it's in. Perhaps the only aspect of the family that has been too lightly touched is the leading character in the story of the family—the child itself. For as Dr. Charles Feilding contends, "The simple truth is often forgotten that children—having, rearing, teaching, living with them and being their parents—are among the greatest of life's enjoyments. Nothing could possibly spread the idea that children are worth having so well as a child itself." ★

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Mailbag

What women want from the CBC

In your report on Canadian TV ("If I ran the CBC," April 14) one remark by Roy Ward Dickson made me seethe: "You can't hold the attention simultaneously of a cultured, highly educated man and the mass housewife." ... Grrr!

Does Dickson realize he is insulting his wife and also the wives of his friends? ... Can't men realize that a great deal of the boredom of the housewife today is because many are starved intellectually? ... What we need in TV is more programs geared to those with intelligence. We are sick to death of the fluffy programs for the "mass housewife." ...

And another thing—why must we always hear: "In honor of our neighbors to the south we will dedicate this number to Washington's birthday," or whatever day it is. My children watch only CBC, yet they know more American history than Canadian. Do they ever hear a birthday song for Macdonald, Laurier, Brock, Wolfe, Banting? No!—Marian H. Damude, Oakville, Ont.

● Imagine classing housewives as the lowest common denominator! Doesn't Roy Ward Dickson know there are no such things as housewives? We're homemakers. Some of the drivel he puts on is fit only for morons or six-year-olds. We women listen to stuff like that when there is nothing better. —Mrs. R. G. Preston, Bethany, Ont.

● Down with Joel Aldred! Cheers for Mavor Moore! We'll have United States talent pleading to get on Canadian shows someday. I don't think half these people realize how good they are. Shows like Fighting Words, Exploring Minds, Tabloid, Wayne and Shuster, Showtime, and some of the plays written and acted by Canadians are excellent. ... Why not bring some comedy shows from the BBC if we must have imported talent ... or is that too costly?—Dorothy M. Brown, Huntingdon, Que.

● After listening to Flight Into Danger on the CBC I doubt that any Canadian could still be suffering from an inferiority complex. ... The CBC has done a great job in bringing quality television to the majority of Canadians. —C. E. Houser, Woodstock, Ont.

● Have Canadians showmanship? Emphatically, no! This is the main difference in an American production and a Canadian one. —Mrs. Lynn Walker, Calgary.

● My compliments on the symposium. ... Permit me to point out, however, that I was called program director of CHCH-TV. I am not a member of that station's staff, simply an independent producer. ... —Roy Ward Dickson, Toronto.

● If I were running the CBC the first thing I would do is shoot the critics. ... I am proud of the CBC and believe that the people down there are searching for the very best. In spite of the kicks they get, someday they are going to find it. —Mildred J. Young, Toronto.

● I wonder how you expected to get a common viewpoint from such a group of prima donnas. ... When I finished the article, I felt like the lady who had listened to a discussion on metaphysics and remarked, "The gentlemen seemed to speak very well, but I did not understand them."—A. J. Reynolds, Toronto.

● I am proud of the CBC because it has that nebulous Canadian flavor.—D. Milner, Edmonton.

● Your article is proof that panel discussions in a magazine are more attractive than on television or radio.—H. E. Wedge, Brandon, Man.

● Another outstanding Maclean's article.—Mrs. R. A. Grosskurth, Victoria, B.C.

Fraser's halo goes astray

I'll have to admit it was a case of hero worship. I had always considered Blair Fraser tops. His articles were sensible and unbiased. Then, alas, I read Backstage at Ottawa (Feb. 18) about the prairies, about speeches in



the House of Commons—and not a mention of the CCF!

I guess I'll have to remove the tarnished halo—unless Mr. Fraser can lay his hands on a polishing cloth. —J. B. McIntosh, Burlington.

The reasons France drinks

In his article, Have the French Learned to Drink Safely? (March 17), Robert Rigby describes a problem many Frenchmen want desperately to solve. ... Rigby is right in pinning blame on the number of persons producing and distributing wine and liquor. But then the entire economy is topsy-turvy: there are too many people doing the wrong jobs in all fields. He is right in blaming the politicians. Yet two criticisms are overlooked by Rigby.

One is that the underpaid, ill-housed French worker, cooped up with perhaps four children and a mother-in-law, understandably rushes out to a café in the evenings. ... The second is the responsibility borne by the Algerian landowners. France may produce fifteen or twenty million hectolitres more wine than it should, but fourteen to sixteen million of that pours in from Algeria each year. It comes from vineyards planted to replace fields of grain desperately needed by a growing, starv-



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ing population of Moslems (non-wine drinkers).

So long as a backward colonial system's main export is cirrhosis of the liver, and so long as living standards remain where they are, many Frenchmen will continue to drink themselves into their graves.—Herbert Steinhouse, Paris, France.

● Hearty congratulations on the real facts re drinking in France. We get such beautiful pictures of drinkers as they start; it is a relief to see how a country goes down under social drinking.—Lorraine E. DuVal, Winnipeg.

Were the old belles better?

Thank you for the James photographs (The Good Old Days, April 14). They rang so many bells my head is still singing... Just one thing, though. "One thing the good old days didn't have more of was good-looking women," you say on page 30. Bah! The women of 1906 were far better looking



than the women of 1956. And more gracious and charming. True, they weren't plastered with make-up and lipstick. Nor were they given to a diet of sandwiches and pop. Dark-shrouded movies and smoke-filled cocktail bars had no place in their lives. Today, fifty years later, some of them are better looking than their daughters.—George W. Elliot, Willowdale, Ont.

How to light a firebrand

Lionel Shapiro is right in saying, "Surely there's something wrong in the country!" (Guest Editorial, April 14). Isn't it possible we are being duped by the Communist peace and brotherhood campaign? If some firebrand brought in a bill to outlaw communism it might create draft enough to take us out of the doldrums, and it would be interesting to see who would approve or disapprove.—W. B. Smith, Oakville, Ont.

● Not one Canadian over the age of ten didn't know President Eisenhower had been ill. How many Canadians were aware that Prime Minister St. Laurent broke his ankle a few weeks before? I wonder whether it is lack of interest in Canadian affairs by the Canadian people, or are newspaper and radio editors to blame?—Elizabeth Passmore, Lucknow, Ont.

Hutchison's Saskatchewan

Spring has just arrived in Peterborough. Although the robins announce their presence, the sound in my ears, after reading Bruce Hutchison's Saskatchewan (April 14), is of the meadow lark, the gophers and the never-forgotten people of that great province. How can one say thank you to an author capable of transmitting Saskatchewan sounds and smells on black type?—Morton Golumbia, Peterborough.

● Is it possible Hutchison was hoaxed by that "cownown" stage setting in Swift Current? I came to Saskatchewan before it was Saskatchewan—in 1905. Swift Current had ceased to be a cownown then and was a railway centre for a vast area of wheatland—which it is still.—Dorthea Horton Calverley, Dawson Creek, B.C.

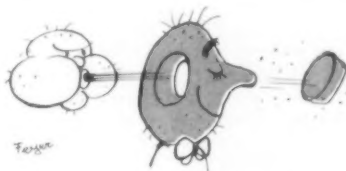
● Hutchison left out the famous Carrot River valley. A drive from Melfort to Carrot River via Tisdale and Aylsham would have shown the best farming district in the west.—D. H. Spencer, Tisdale, Sask.

● I am very much disgusted with the picture accompanying Hutchison's Saskatchewan; it is not representative at all... If you had a picture of a 640-acre field with six-foot wheat waving in the breeze, with dozens of elevators in the background, it would represent Saskatchewan.—Mrs. A. Brusch, Trosachs, Sask.

● Why he should praise Regina and leave out Moose Jaw—the best laid-out city in the west—must mean that he has a grudge. The main street is so broad that you would have to shout to be heard across it.—Arthur Mitchell, Warkworth, Ont.

● Temporarily exiled from our home province while attending McGill University, we are four Saskatchewanians who have impatiently waited while Hutchison meandered across Canada. Finally, he reached the province. We were not disappointed. Hutchison has presented a portrait of Saskatchewan we hope will replace the common caricature.—Ferne Allen, Elizabeth Evashchen, Arlene Howarth, Sherill Smith, Montreal.

● We are rather resigned to people skipping that 380-odd miles of western Ontario between Lake Superior and the Manitoba border, but when you let Hutchison get away with it in his article on Northern Ontario (March 17)—well, that is too much. I wouldn't be surprised if western Ontario voted for secession. I have personally designed



a new flag for Undiscovered Northwestern Ontario—Hutchison's head on a blank field, both eyes closed and a breeze blowing through his ears.—Jack Ferguson, Kenora, Ont.

● Thank you for helping to make my home country a known country to Canadians like myself, not only through Bruce Hutchison's rediscovery articles, but with every issue of Maclean's.—Lynn D. W. Turner, Mortlach, Sask.

The loudest French voice

I greatly enjoyed Who'll Le Devoir Battle Next? (April 14) but take issue with the statement that Le Devoir is the most-quoted French-language newspaper in Canada. Le Droit of Ottawa, Ontario's only French daily and the French voice of the capital, is justly proud that its claim to this description is accurate.—Vern B. Moore, Toronto.

Survey figures support Le Droit. Le Devoir is the most-quoted French paper in Quebec, but Le Droit is the most-quoted in Canada. ★



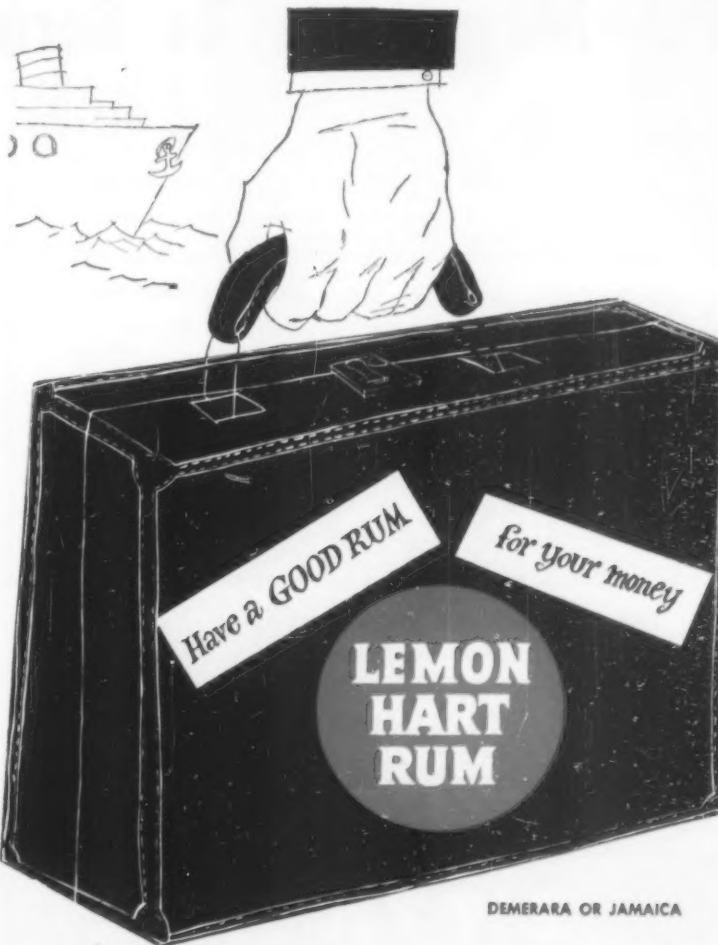
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LABATT'S





The Fight to Save Babies Who May Never Be Born

Most of the wives reading this ad have lost a child in the first month of pregnancy — without knowing it. Many women have lost a child through emotional reasons that we're only beginning to understand. Read the June issue of *Chatelaine* and discover what a team of Canadian doctors is doing to prevent this tragic loss of new life.

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

Maclean-Hunter Publication

ON SALE NOW!



Backstage at Ottawa continued from page 8

of Canada's postwar debtors to pay off her debt in full—the last installment on her fifteen-million-dollar loan was paid a few months ago.

U. S. loans of the same kind since the war amounted to about eleven billion dollars. Counting them as "foreign aid" the U. S. grand total is fifty-eight billion dollars, which compares to Canada's four billion as reported to the external affairs committee. This is the yardstick that makes Canada's share of the whole North American aid program appear as a proportionately equal share—6.8 percent, or almost precisely the same ratio as that of our national incomes.

Whatever its size in relation to others, Canada's aid program has been big enough to demonstrate one harsh truth: giving things away isn't as easy as it sounds, and it doesn't immediately or necessarily win gratitude and friendship.

The United States has learned this the hard way in many countries, particularly in Asia. Lately, Canada has been having a taste of it in Pakistan, and finding out why a free gift may make temporary enemies before it can make permanent friends.

In northern Pakistan, as part of our contribution to the Colombo Plan, Canada is helping to build a hydro-electric power plant. The original arrangement was that Canada would contribute the generators, and Pakistan would find the dollars elsewhere for the rest of the foreign investment required. After the project was under way and Canada had already spent some millions, Pakistan was unable to put up the dollars to finish the job. Rather than let the whole thing go down the drain, Canada undertook to do it all.

This meant sending out Canadian engineers to survey, plan and build the dam. They are in Pakistan now, enduring a difficult climate and primitive working conditions in order to bring industrial power and irrigating water to a region that is little better than a desert. Yet the effect of their well-meant effort, so far, has been to make the local population thoroughly annoyed with all things Canadian.

For one thing, they can't help showing that what's good enough for the Pakistani is not good enough for them. They must have modern plumbing—porcelain bathtubs in a region where even the English sahibs, who as everyone knew were mad, contented themselves with a sponge and a bucket. They must have air-conditioned rooms, and electric refrigerators, and food imported all the way from Canada. Canada pays the cost of these things, but they go down as part of her Colombo Plan contribution—a claim on the gratitude if not the exchequer of Pakistan. And all they prove, to a Pakistani, is that he appears in Canadian eyes as something less than human.

Troubles have also cropped up in hiring local labor. Canadians take a poor view of the custom whereby head men of the tribe or village undertake to provide a certain number of men, and put a fat fraction of the men's pay in their own pockets. To Western minds this is graft and corruption; to Eastern, it's the accepted way of doing things.

Sometimes it's the Western custom that looks odd. Ever since the postwar programs of aid to Asia began, the Orient has been host to hordes of Occidental "experts," some of whom do not seem to be expert at anything that needs doing in the regions to which they

are sent. Agricultural "experts" have spent considerable sums of money importing purebred livestock which immediately died of the heat—as the ignorant native knew they would, having seen the same breed tried before.

Of course, the money for the moribund cattle or the crop that wouldn't grow was money put up by foreign governments as a free gift. But this is a poor excuse for waste in the presence of human need.

In Jordan eighteen months ago, I visited a hospital that relied on United Nations funds for more than half its budget. Word had just come through, when I was there, that the UN agency would have to reduce its grant to this hospital, which accordingly would be able to maintain about twenty fewer beds.

This was gift money, true—Jordan hadn't done a thing to earn it. But the doctor in charge said bitterly: "If they really can't afford to keep those twenty beds filled, how is it that they can afford an automobile and driver for every single member of the agency staff?"

I couldn't think of any answer to that one.

To some extent this dilemma is inevitable, no matter how skilfully all difficulties are foreseen. The Canadian engineers in Pakistan are making a real sacrifice to be there at all—they'd be earning as much, in vastly greater comfort, if they stayed in Toronto or Montreal. Few men would volunteer to go out for two or three years and leave their families behind. Fewer still would bring their wives and children to the bathroom and kitchen facilities of rural Pakistan. But the contrast between Eastern and Western living standards cannot help irritating both parties.

The men in charge of Canada's Colombo Plan projects have no counsel to offer—except patience. While the dam is being built, mutual annoyance is inevitable, they say. But when it is finished, bringing power to a region that now has no industry and water to millions of acres now barren, then the investment will pay dividends to the whole free world. ★

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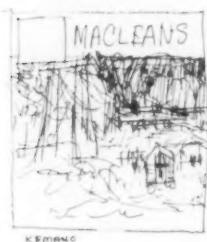
BAKER HOUSE for Boys



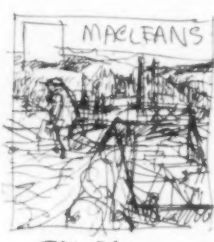
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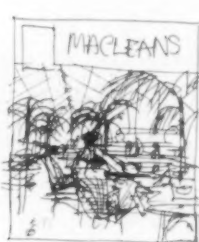
IN THE editors' confidence



KEMANO



TRAIL B.C.



CRYSTAL SPRINGS VICTORIA

THE IDEA for a Maclean's cover is first roughed out by pen. Here are three roughs made by James Hill while in B.C. Our cover started with the middle one.

Here's how a cover is born



THE ARTIST, HILL, plans tour. At 25, he's our youngest cover painter.



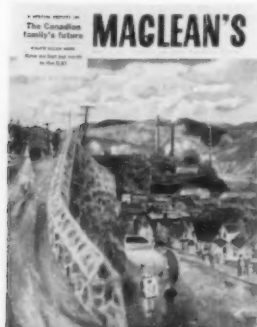
THE SKETCH we selected was this. From it Hill worked up final cover.

THE CURIOUS SQUIGGLES above may not look like Maclean's covers, but James Hill insists that that's exactly what they are. Hill, who toured the Maritime provinces for Maclean's a year ago, has just returned from a similar jaunt in British Columbia. The squiggles are the result. We've already run Hill's first B. C. painting—the campus scene that appeared on our March 31 issue. If you look closely you'll see our current Trail cover in embryo form above.

Like most of the artists who paint our covers, Hill starts with a pile of loose notes in various forms: sketches in pen, pencil and paint; black-and-white candid photos taken on the spot; color notes in the form of photographic transparencies—plus his own memories.

Hill's first step in producing a cover is usually something like we've shown here; he draws a tiny square (sometimes dozens of tiny squares) which means something to an artist or an art director but not much to anyone else. The next step is to produce something more finished—in this case a small sketch in colored chalk which the editors saw and liked. As you can see above, this one was similar to the final cover which was painted in oils and eventually revised three times.

We're reasonably confident that the two other squiggles of Hill's will end up as covers on Maclean's. We won't tell you anything more about them until they appear in final form—and we doubt you can learn any more from what we've shown here. ★



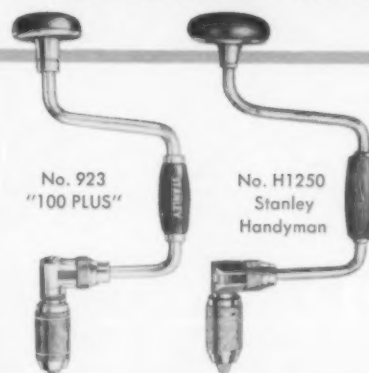
The strategy of painting

Artist James Hill sketched this afterschool cover scene in the streets of Trail, B.C. He might have taken his easel higher up the mountain if . . . well, it was this way. Hill clambered up, high above the town. Then, near a solitary house, he saw a boulder, and on it, in blood-red paint:

MIND YOR ON BU2NI2

"I left," says Hill, "—fast."

NO HOLES BARRED with STANLEY braces and hand drills



Two fine bit braces . . . the "100 PLUS" No. 923 for the craftsman or professional, the Stanley Handyman No. H1250 for the handyman or hobbyist. Both fine tools from The Tool Box of the World.

Both these fine hand drills have 8 drill points in hollow handles. Here again . . . No. 1617 for the frequent user, No. H1220 for the occasional driller. Both fine tools from The Tool Box of the World.



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STANLEY

Made In Canada

A
MAN'S
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"A job like mine takes it out of you"

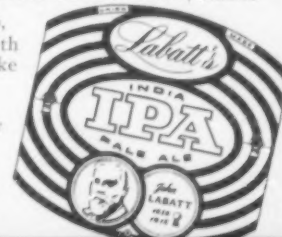
with
BODY
in it



"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," says Albert Chilcott, Toronto, Ontario

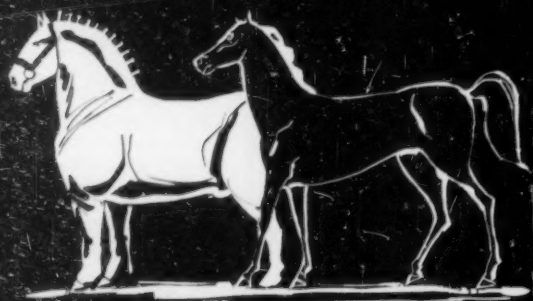
No matter where you work, what you do, there comes a time when you crave an ale with real body and flavour to it. An ale exactly like IPA. IPA is Albert Chilcott's ale . . . a man-size ale to take care of the man-size thirst you can expect in a foundry. IPA may be your ale, too. You should try it—soon.

Find out about IPA . . . the ale that satisfies the man in you! Try IPA next time at your favourite hotel or tavern, or at home.



THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

Horse of another color?



*There's a great difference
in Vermouths, too!*

In vermouths, the mark of the thoroughbred is the
Martini label — signifying subtleties of flavor and
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Imported from Italy in the 35-oz bottle

USE

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SWEET VERMOUTH

As an aperitif
neat, or on the rocks
with twist of lemon peel.
As a long drink
with mixer and ice.

For a new taste thrill,
try Martini sweet and dry vermouths
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delightfully light . . . and downright
delicious.

For matchless Manhattans

FOR DRIER MARTINIS USE

MARTINI

EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

Lighter in color . . . not quite so bitter.
If you like your martinis *drier*, you'll always use
Martini "Extra Dry" vermouth.

L. PAUL CHARTRAND • OFFICE GÉNÉRAL DES GRANDES-MARQUES • MONTREAL, QUE.

Parade

How to treat a tardy plumber

MAYBE ALL PLUMBERS aren't slow and maybe they don't always forget their tools, but this one in Oakville, Ont., was the perfect pattern of the joke-book plumber—yet when the job was finally done after endless delays he lost no time in sending his bill. And the woman who had hired him, coaxed him and urged him and berated him just as promptly presented herself at his shop to make payment. "You took four months to complete a two-day job," she announced. "So here are four cheques, postdated a month apart. When you cash the last one your bill will be paid in full."

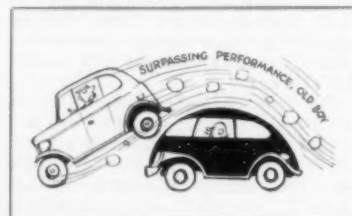
At that the fellow had the good grace to murmur, "Thank you," but he said it very quietly.

* * *

A progressive western newspaper publisher who felt that the paper's editorial page wasn't as bright, urbane and sagacious as it might be, packed his editorial writer off to a famous U. S. school of journalism, which offered a short course in how to write editorials. Well, the course ended but the fellow isn't back yet—the university wired the publisher for permission to keep his man on to lecture to the next class on how to write editorials.

* * *

There was a time when the little English cars were the latest novelty on Canadian roads but the little German invader has recently been stealing attention all across the country. Evidently a bit miffed, one resident of Red Deer, Alta., who has



remained loyal to the British half-pint models, has red-taped a new name for it on his back bumper—"Blokeswagon."

* * *

Musical and social notes from the Edmonton Journal: "When the Edmonton Choral Society makes its first appearance Sunday at the Masonic Temple, singing Verdi's Drinking Song, tea will be served from 3 to 5 p.m. by members of the chorus."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A fella can sure feel lost without his dog 'cause a dog can be a mighty good pal. Take the party who advertised in the Regina Leader-Post: "Strayed from 1126 Garry St., black collie pup, 3 months, no collar or tag. Characteristics, heavy with



fleas, thumps the floor all night while scratching. I cannot sleep without the noise . . ."

* * *

We have it on the sworn testimony of one of them that garbage collection is a very real problem to residents of Nanaimo, B.C. The other afternoon a woman at Departure Bay interrupted a chat with a friend who had dropped in to go and peer out the window. "Looks like a truck has dropped a package and it's lying right in the middle of the highway," she apologized. "I'd better go and rescue it before someone runs over it."

"Oh—I put it there," remarked the visitor casually. "We don't know what else to do with tin cans so Bill flattens them and I package them and leave them in the middle of the road. Someone always picks them up. You'll see . . ."

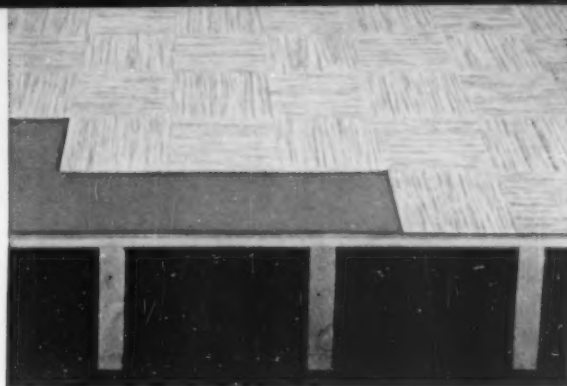
So the two women hid behind the curtains, watching intently; and sure enough within a few minutes a truck stopped, the driver jumped out, grabbed up the garbage, glanced furtively about and roared off with his prize.

* * *

Many a city tyke would envy the life of a four-year-old who lives on a dairy farm in Ontario's Oxford County. But a visitor who dropped in there the other day says the youngster lost interest in all the farmyard delights the moment he heard his dad was driving into town to find a spare part for the tractor. "Can I go with you daddy?" he cried, racing for the car. "We might see a horse!"



MODERN COLOURS! Dominion Linoleum offers the largest colour choice of any permanent flooring. Now you select from softer, more modern colours created for the "living" as well as "working" rooms of your house.



ECONOMICAL TO INSTALL! Permanent Dominion Linoleum is a *finished* flooring. All you need underneath is the first rough flooring, plywood and felt paper as shown. And because of its finished appearance it needs no covering.



EASY TO CLEAN! The time you save on floor care is one of the most appealing features of Dominion Linoleum. No cracks or fibres to catch dirt, so it shines with a simple mopping. Anything spilled wipes off quickly... cleanly.

Inviting... and the theme is today's linoleum!

This is truly an inviting room—the decor is one of classic comfort, with *modern* overtones. And one of the most exciting, most dramatic of these overtones is underfoot—the floor of *pink* Dominion Jaspé Linoleum.

It's a new thought, a *pink* floor—but a sound and shining one because, as you can see, it makes a room warm and livable.

The new Dominion Linoleum shades are "sparking" a host of smart decorating ideas like this one in homes all across the country. Dominion

Linoleum is providing the "beauty base" for charming living rooms... for lovely bedrooms and dining rooms... for colourful kitchens, bathrooms, play rooms and halls.

Easy-cleaning, economical Dominion Linoleum comes in more than 70 colours and variations—that's why it's so much fun to work with. For illustrated leaflets on colours, room scenes, maintenance, etc., write: Home Planning Dept., Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd., 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

Comes by-the-yard, also in individual tiles in these 4 types... *all inlaid*...

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DOMINION LINOLEUM

This floor is Dominion Jaspé J-740. For a list of the furnishings used in this room write us at the address above.



SMART FOR
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DURABLE
FOR PLAY



FLEXIBLE
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 26, 1956

